

AUG. 7,
1937

★ Liberty 5¢



STRIP-TEASE GIRL

A Self-Told Novel
of Love and Sacrifice

CHINA'S STRONG WOMAN TALKS *by* Fulton Oursler



JEAN: *Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!*

MARGE: *Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.*

*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), the unforgivable social fault

Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I SEE them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men *do* call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat

or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.



**KEEP YOUR BREATH
BEYOND SUSPICION
with LISTERINE**

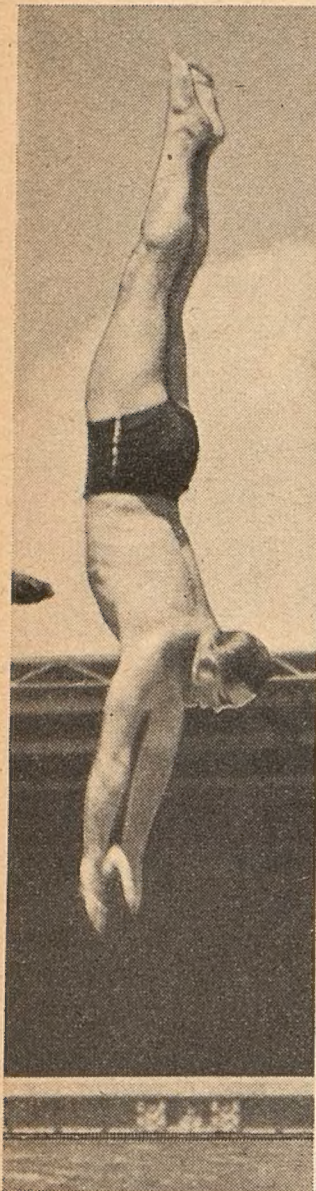
Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.



the quick deodorant

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. • St. Louis, Mo.

Sun and Water are healthy for you —but not for your Hair!



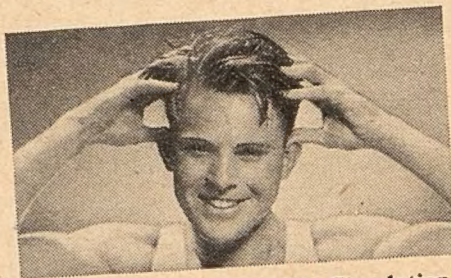
SUMMER's a serious season for your hair. Sports such as swimming and sailing, tennis and golf are great for your health and your happiness but they are hard on your hair.

For the summer sun beats down on unprotected hair—making it dry and brittle—dull and lifeless—robbing it of its vital, natural oils—and you yourself complete the job when, in your shower or your plunge, you drench it in the water.

Your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—to protect it from drying out brittle and lifeless. Apply Vitalis with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oil comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Circulation is aroused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look. 50 seconds to rub, 10 seconds to comb and brush—that's the "60-Second Workout."

With Vitalis, every hair is firmly in place—just the way you want it—without a

Protect Your Hair with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"



1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

So this summer, enjoy your swimming and your golf, your fishing and your tennis—but whatever you do, take care of your hair. Protect it against sun and water—help keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."



WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHERFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEFROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

WE HOLD THE WORLD'S RECORD —in Lawlessness

EVERY official when he assumes his duties takes a solemn oath to enforce the laws. He has no choice. He has no authority to act as judge and jury. When the law is being violated, his duty is plain.

And if our governmental officials had rigidly recognized these principles, the rampant lawlessness that is now in evidence in various parts of the country would never have appeared.

When Governor Earle declared martial law on Johnstown, Pennsylvania, recently, the intelligent citizens throughout the country naturally asked the cause for such an action.

The statement was made that 40,000 mineworkers, members of the C. I. O., proposed to march to Johnstown for the apparent purpose of holding a meeting in a grove adjacent to that city.

But in connection with martial law, why was it necessary for the governor to order the closing of the Cambria steel plant?

Why should the workers in that establishment be denied the right to labor? . . . Why should Johnstown lose half a million dollars weekly because of the threats of Mr. Lewis?

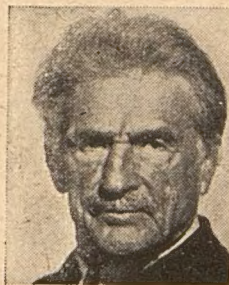
There was a time when capital gave orders to government officials and labor had to take what it could get and be thankful. The fact that labor is coming into its own is a favorable indication, but if labor leaders are allowed to give orders to government officials, or compel them directly or indirectly to disobey the law, we have reason to fear for the future.

As a nation we are facing a most disgraceful situation. We have two great unions—each one more than two million strong—fighting each other. And the policy in some instances seems to be "To hell with the business and the nonunion workers! We want our rights, and we don't care how we get them."

The employers, when they are given too much power, are often greedy and unfair . . . they take advantage of the workers; but they are financially responsible for these acts. They have to pay the bills for these mistakes.

But unions have no such responsibility. Only the men's jobs are at stake, and, regardless of the damage for which they may be responsible, they are not liable.

There are nearly forty-five million active workers in this country, with four or five million in the two unions,

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

which leaves approximately forty million nonunion workers.

Both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. represent their men only. The efforts of unions in the past have undoubtedly benefited the workers. They have called attention to the need for greater financial consideration for labor, but the present attitude in the fight between these two great unions is that the nonunion workers can shift for themselves.

An average of one out of ten of the workers of this country are union men.

The false representation made by union promoters—that the President wanted them to join a union—induced many to join.

The lawlessness, however, in strike centers throughout the country is looked upon with serious concern by the citizens everywhere, and it is especially disturbing to business leaders.

Why invest money . . . why try to promote your business . . . if you are to be harassed by the fight in the ranks of unionism?

We had a taste of what lawlessness might bring us during the prohibition era.

The nonstriking workman, although he may tremendously outnumber those who have grievances against their employers, counts for nothing in some instances.

If a worker does not want to join a union, he has just as much right to have his viewpoint respected as those who want to ally themselves with unionism.

Freedom of choice is an American privilege that we should never lose.

The Wagner bill may accomplish worth-while results in the future, but at this time it seems to be the powder that set off the fireworks.

And unless the fight between the two great unions can be settled, it may be necessary for the workers who want to retain their liberties to form an organization of their own to protect themselves in the serious situation which we are now facing.

Bernarr Macfadden

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• • Security—Peace of Mind • •

The couple who include life insurance in their plans include a large measure of *security* and *peace of mind*. Those words indeed seem to me almost a definition of Life Assurance, and that is why you find them included in our "four-bar signature." The insured man lives with assurance that he and his family are fortified against adversity.

Thomas T. Parkinson
PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. How much insurance ought a man have who earns \$3,000 a year, has a wife and two small children, and has saved little?

A. No hard and fast answer can be given. The Equitable *suggests* \$15,000 as reasonably suitable—provided it is worked out in a plan to safeguard the family. An Equitable agent can explain this in detail.

• • •

Q. How much life insurance is in force in the United States and Canada?

A. About \$104,000,000,000.

• • •

Q. What is Salary Savings Insurance?

A. A plan whereby a group of employees may obtain life insurance or retirement annuities (with the employer's cooperation). Payments are regularly deducted from salaries and sent to the insurance company.

• • •

Q. What is meant by living insurance?

A. Life insurance is for the living. It makes life more secure for the policy-holder as well as for his beneficiary.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.



THE EQUITABLE

FAIR — JUST

LIFE ASSURANCE

SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND

SOCIETY

MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE

OF THE U.S.

NATION-WIDE SERVICE



IT SAVES SILENTLY

BECAUSE IT FREEZES WITH NO MOVING PARTS



SERVEL ELECTROLUX
*is winning millions
 with its greater comfort
 longer service
 lower costs*

DIFFERENT . . . simpler . . . Servel Electrolux has *no* moving parts in its entire freezing system. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant—without friction, without wear.

As a result, Servel Electrolux is permanently silent . . . brings you more years of dependable, money-saving refrigeration.

Read what these happy owners

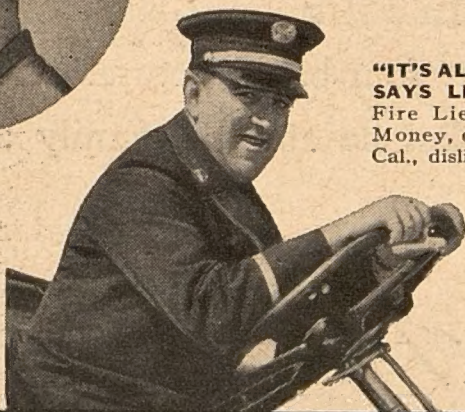
say. See the beautiful 1937 models at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showroom. Remember, your gas company backs and services every Servel Electrolux it installs.

FOR FARM AND COUNTRY HOMES, Servel Electrolux runs on kerosene or bottled gas. Write for details to: Servel, Inc., Servel Electrolux Sales Division, Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)



8 YEARS' EFFICIENCY DELIGHTS APT. OWNERS

—As long ago as 1929, gas refrigerators were installed throughout this apartment building at 155 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C. "The refrigerators are just as satisfactory and inexpensive as ever," says H. L. Bitterman, president of Waldorf Management Co., Inc., the owners.



STILL SAVING MONEY AFTER 6 YEARS—

"As far as home equipment is concerned," says Mrs. T. T. Baldwin, Jr., of Wellesley, Mass., "Servel Electrolux is by far the most satisfactory. We have had ours for 6 years and it has always been silent, always economical, and has never required service or service parts."

"IT'S ALWAYS SILENT," SAYS LIEUT. MONEY—

Fire Lieutenant E. W. Money, of Beverly Hills, Cal., dislikes noise, and so does his wife! "That is why we chose a Servel Electrolux and why we're so enthusiastic about it. For it's always silent."



"NO SERVICE TROUBLE WHATEVER"—

"I have used a Servel Electrolux for over 2½ years and have had no service trouble whatever," says Mrs. A. Brown, of Baltimore, Md. "I recommend it for its economy and silence."

SERVEL ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

BEGINNING

Strip-Tease Girl

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

A poignant, colorful chronicle of life today . . . The self-told story of a woman's strange love and sacrifice

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—"IF I HAD KNOWN . . ."

I PICKED him out of a telephone book. I liked his name. I liked the look of it. Sandalwood Tolles. I liked the sound of it. And it made me remember a sandalwood box mother once sent me for Christmas.

So I walked up to a policeman on the corner and asked where Mr. Tolles' office was. That was hot, wasn't it? For all I knew, that cop might have been looking for me. It wouldn't have surprised me any to have him pinch me then and there.

"So you're the dame who knocked off that guy last night," I half expected him to say. But he was a nice cop. He tipped his hat, took me halfway down the block, showed me the office, and tipped his hat again. You know, right then and there I began to love the South.

I went into the office and sat down, and pretty soon a guy came in and gave me the eye. I didn't like him at first. He was young, and tall and thin, and he had one of those lean faces that nick your memory like an ax on a tree. And he looked tough! I knew a stage director once with a pan like that. And he leaked poison. But this guy smelled nice. Clean.

"I shot a man last night," I said.

"Luther Prouty?" He didn't blink or anything; just kept looking at me.

"I don't know his name," I said. "It was only a bullet brought us together. He didn't have time to say boo. I shot him in the right hand and ran. He won't open any more dressing-room doors with that hand. Is he dead?"

Mr. Tolles shook his head.

"Anyway," I said, "I want you to be my counselor at law."

He slipped me a jumpy little smile. You know—like heat lightning jazzing up a dark night.

"How much will you charge me?" I said, and started to open my purse and get out the bank roll.

"Nothing," he said.

"No soap," I said. I was so mad I forgot I was a lady. I clicked the purse shut. "I might have expected that," I said. I got up and started out. But I wasn't quick enough. Those long legs of his beat me to the door. He turned, his back to the door, and looked me up and down.

"Don't put your dirty hands on me," I said. I had the



gun in my hand. And what I mean is, I meant business. He laughed, and before I got wise he'd taken the gun out of my hand and put it in his coat pocket. Was I slowed down!

He gave me the eye again. Only this time it was different. His whole face was different. It was like—well, have you ever looked through a stained-glass window some night going by a church? There's something warm back of it, you know, something comforting, and peaceful and nice. Well, that's the way his face hit me now.

"Sit down, child," he said.

"What's your name?" he asked me.

I told him. I was kind of nervous, the way he kept looking right through me. I wished I'd put on some lipstick. But I lammed in a hurry after I shot that guy. And naturally I didn't take my make-up kit along.

"Your real name," he said. "Not your stage name."

"That's my real name," I said. "Wings Delaney."

He leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes. He rocked himself. It was an old chair, and made a nice creaky noise. It made me feel good, somehow.

"Wings Delaney," he said. "An odd name. A beautiful name. Your eyebrows, of course! Or is it your mouth? Or maybe it's your winged feet. You're a dancer?"

"It's got nothing to do with my looks," I said. "My mother gave me that name. She was a kootch dancer. She danced right up until the last minute—though you couldn't notice anything, the way she was built. Then she ran into the wings. And there I was, see? I was born in the wings of a burley-cue house."

"Tremendous," he said. "What's a kootch dancer?"

Imagine that! And him a grown man!

"A hootchy-kootchy dancer," I said. "The Chicago World's Fair made them famous—fifty years ago, or whenever it was. And then Cab Calloway or somebody put them into a song." I sang it for him:

"I'll tell you the story about Minnie the Moocher.

She was a low-down hootchy-kootcher."

He laughed, and his eyes just sprinkled me with blue.

"But what is it?" he said.

"A belly dancer," I told him. And the first thing I knew I was revealing all. It was like when I was in the convent and we used to go to confession every Saturday.

Honest, there was something about him that made me come clean.

"Where'd you get the gun?" he asked me.

"From Schultz," I said.

"Who's Schultz?"

"It was in Chicago after I came out of the convent," I said. "We were just barely eating, mother and I. I had to get a job. She was sick. Her heart was bad. Schultz was the last man on earth she'd go to for help. But we'd tried everybody else. So it was Schultz or starve. So she gave me a note to Schultz and I went to see him. He managed a theater on Clark Street.

HE was a big homely man. He always wore a derby hat, even when he went to church. Honest. He just stood outside the door and listened. 'I ain't good enough to go inside them doors,' he used to say. 'I'm just a lousy burley-cue theater manager—and fifth-rate at that. People'd fall dead if I went in there. Or God'd strike me dead for blasphemy.'

"He had the reddest neck you ever saw, always nuzzled a toothpick, and never wore socks even in winter. He said socks were sissy. But he was nice in lots of ways. Well, he read the note and swore out loud. He looked at me like he wanted to drop me in the soup. 'Go put on a bathing suit and come back,' he said, 'though I don't think you'll do. You're as skinny as a toothpick and about as nourishing.'

"But he changed his mind when he got another look.

"So you're Moira Delaney's kid," he said then. 'How old are you? And it won't help you none to lie.' I was thirteen or fourteen, and I didn't lie to him. He asked if I could sing and dance. I could, of course. Mother'd trained me from the time I could walk and talk. So he gave me the job and he gave me the gun.

"Look here, now," he said. 'You catch any of these

guys around here casting cheap eyes at you, you plunk 'em. And if I catch you even looking at a man I'll put a whiplash around your throat—but it won't be any neck-lace.'"

"Schultz," Mr. Tolles said, "talks like an Irishman."

"He was," I said. "But even at that, I didn't trust him. My mother used to say the only man who can betray you is the man you trust, so don't trust anybody, man or woman. But I liked Schultz."

"But who is he?" Mr. Tolles asked. "Or who was he?"

"He was my father," I told him. "But I didn't know it until after mother died. I was sixteen then. Schultz came to the funeral. That's all there was there, he and I. It was kind of sad, and Schultz kept rubbing at his eyes until I could have screamed. I thought he was just nervous, kneeling down in the front pew, right in front of the altar, and thinking God'd strike him down. But it wasn't that.

"Coming back from the cemetery he asked me what I meant to do. And I told him. I was going to put on an act of my own. A nude act. It was a good one too. I come out half covered with autumn leaves. You know, all red and brown and orange and bright yellow and green. And I dance. A wind blows, and leaves fall off me one by one, and then in bunches. They're metal, and very thin. There are magnets all over the stage pulling them off me—off tiny silk threads. Then a storm comes up. You do that with lights. It gets darker and darker. By the time I've lost all the leaves you can't see much of me. I'm just a figure in the dark.

LOTS of girls are doing that act now; but I was the first. That's why they billed me as The Shape that Launched a Thousand Strips."

"I've heard of the strip," Mr. Tolles said. "I take it your father objected."

"No," I said. "He thought it sounded good. But he wanted to bill me as Nadine.

"What's the matter with my own name?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "It's a proud name, Delaney. Patriots have worn it with honor. I'd rather see you in your grave than see that name on the marquee of a cheap burley-cue house. Delaney is out. And Wings—what kind of a name is that? I suppose if your mother'd had you in the street you'd be Gutter Delaney today."

"What's it to you?" I said.

"He gulped in air like it was whisky. He almost swallowed his toothpick. 'I'm Mike Delaney,' he said. 'I'm your father, bad cess to me, that raised you up in this dunghill business. We scrapped over you, Moira and me, from the minute you were born—because of your name, because she wanted to make a kootch dancer out of you. So she left me, and took you with her, and billed herself as 'Ariadne, Queen of the Kootchers.' I was fond of her. But I'd have broken her neck if she'd used my name. Why the devil do you think I call myself Schultz? Because I like the name? I hate it. It galls me to have people thinking I'm a Dutchman. But a Delaney doesn't manage a burley-cue house. And you think you'll be Wings Delaney!'

"I sat there like a dummy for a minute, remembering my father. Did I get a bang out of meeting him that way! And did I tell him things! I'd been brought up to hate him. To hate all men, but especially him. Cry? Sure. I cried like anything for a couple of days. But I got over it, and I left him. He tried to give me some money, but I wouldn't take it."

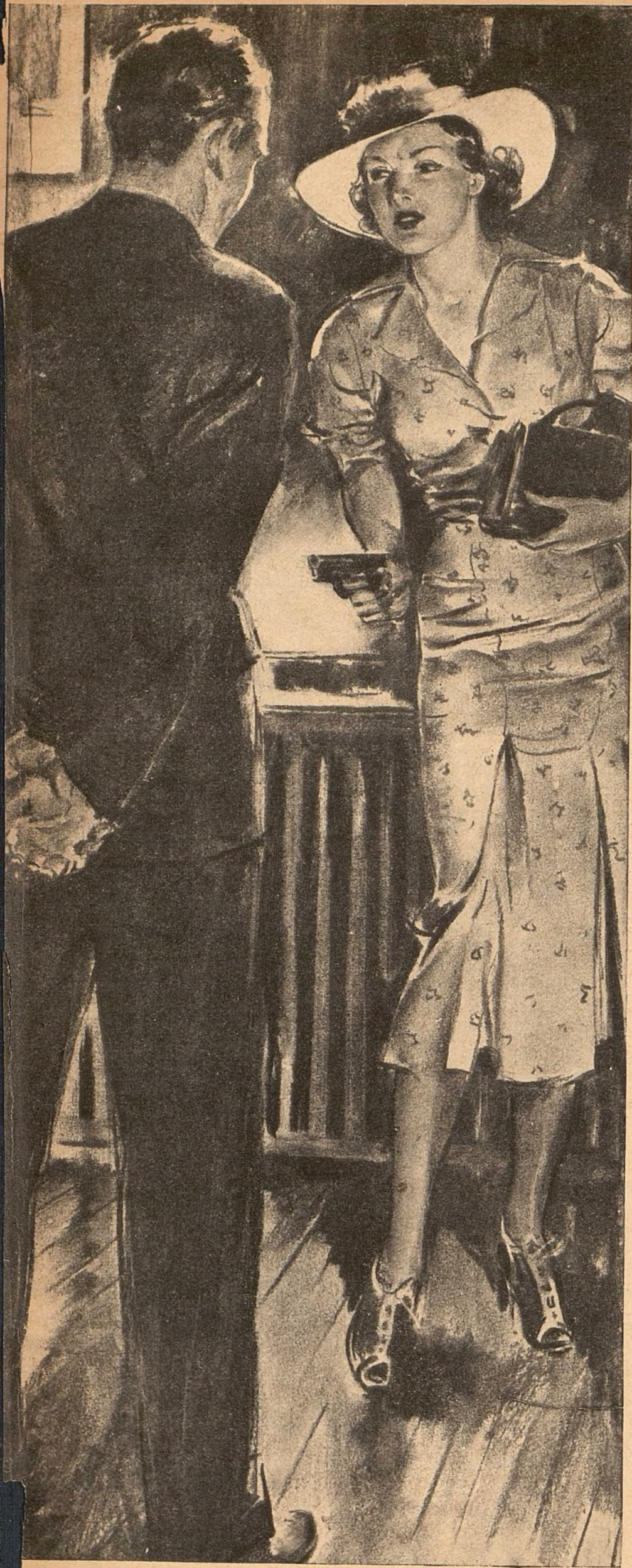
Then Mr. Tolles began asking me how I got to New York, and how I got a break there, and about my experiences in London and Rome and Paris and Vienna and Port Said and Havana and Tokyo, and everywhere else I'd stripped. We'd forgotten all about the guy I shot.

"And no man ever laid a hand on you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I always carried the gun."

That brought us back to Luther Prouty.

"He was in my dressing room when I came off," I said. "I saw him. He'd made a peephole in the screen. I saw his eye looking at me. I was so mad I could have killed him. But I didn't. That is—I guess I didn't. You said he wasn't dead."



I had the gun in my hand—and I meant business.

"No," he answered. "Unfortunately he's still alive."

"I knocked the screen down," I said.

"With the gun?"

"With the first bullet. He was sort of crouching there, and I let him have the second bullet in his doorknob hand. Then I dressed and lammed."

"Lammed?" he said.

Was I embarrassed! I'd meant to talk in my very best manner; but I guess I forgot myself. And a lot of words slipped out.

"I beat it," I corrected myself. Then I had to explain a lot of other words to him. Honest, he didn't know any of them. He'd roll a word over on his tongue like it was something he was tasting. And then he'd spit it up, coated with that Southern accent of his.

"You needn't feel embarrassed," he said. "You've lived in a strange world. You've picked up a lot of color from it. Your words—the words I don't know—are very descriptive. Lammed, for instance. I can see you running away like a woolly lamb through a pasture."

"With a gun in my little front paw," I said, and you should have heard him laugh. Honest, we were having such a swell time I forgot I was in serious trouble. And before I realized it, here it was noon. I jumped up.

"I've got to put on a show at one o'clock," I said. "You'll take my case? And what will it cost me, no kidding."

"Not a penny," he said. "You see, I'm the public defender. The state pays me to defend you. I'll do it gladly. I think you've done a public service, shooting Mr. Prouty. And I don't think he'll make trouble. He has a very jealous wife. The morning paper says he slightly wounded himself. I'll have a talk with him. Meantime, won't you have lunch with me? And I'd love to see your show."

SO we had lunch. And he bought his ticket at the box office.

Well, the show closed that night. And did I get a bang when I learned who closed it! Sandy Tolles. No other. He'd just gone to the mayor and the chief of police and told them to close the place. A big shot? Sure he was.

I felt like I'd been hit by a truck. Even after he explained, I still felt run over.

"It was a filthy show," he said. "Your father was right, calling it a dunghill business. I felt degraded, sitting there, watching it. That is, until you came on. I never saw anything so lovely."

"So you closed the show," I said.

"What do you do when you see a lily in a dung heap?" he asked me. "Let it wither there?"

"We just opened yesterday," I said. "We haven't made expenses. We're stranded. Not me, maybe, but the other girls. They can't walk to the next stop."

"We've taken care of them," he said.

And I found out later that he was telling the truth. He put up the money himself. And you can't dump a whole road show into the Pullmans for cigarette dough.

"How about Prouty?" I asked.

"I'm afraid you'll have to stay in town awhile," he said. "Prouty developed an infection in that hand. He was ashamed to go to a doctor last night. Instead he wrapped his hand up in some old rags and went to a saloon. He's in the hospital now. He might die."

I felt sort of weak. We were in my suite at the time, and I had the windows open. But it was hot.

"Don't worry," he said. "He may recover. And he hasn't mentioned your name to any one. I told him he'd better not. Meantime—aren't you stifling with this heat? Wouldn't you like to go for a ride in the country?"

It sounded like the old come-on. But I was desperate. So I said all right. I expected him to make a pass at me, but he didn't.

I stayed in the hotel two days. Then nothing would do but I must stay at his home, be his mother's guest.

"You'll love my mother," he said, "and you'll like our friends. They're the salt of the earth."

"But me," I said—"I'm only a strip-teaser out of a job. They won't like me."

"Need you tell them?" he asked.

"They'll find out," I said.

He laughed at me. "Nonsense," he said. "I can't imagine any one of them putting a foot inside a burlesque theater, or reading theatrical papers. You're as good as any of them. You had a good education. You've seen the world. You wear clothes with distinction. And you're so beautiful that anything you do—"

"Sure," I said. "But sometimes I forget myself. I say guy, for instance. I talk like the girls talk."

"In your own language," he said, "you'll be a riot. You'll be a wow. You'll knock 'em off their cans."

"Don't say can," I said. "It's vulgar."

Well, he was right. I went over big. I was invited everywhere, into the swellest homes you ever saw. Aristocrats they were. Money. Estates. Background. All that sort of stuff. All the things I'd always dreamed of having. I was having them.

The governor's wife, say, would say something about London—ask the name of some little shop on Bond Street. I could tell her. I'd been there. They didn't know what I was doing in London. They didn't care. Another woman asked me if I could cook.

"No," I said, shaking my head as though I was ashamed of myself. "I never did anything harder than putting on my clothes and taking them off again."

They said they adored my beautiful New York accent. I never had a better time in my life. I never ate better food. I never had so much real fun. After the first week I didn't know myself. I couldn't believe I was me.

And all the men that came around!

I didn't know how to treat them. They were the kind I had always dreamed about, when I dreamed about men. They were gentlemen. It wasn't so much the way they dressed, as the way they treated me. They respected me. They bowed low. They talked about horses, and books, and music, and politics. I didn't always get what they meant, but what of it? I mean, they realized I had a mind as well as a figure.

I went horseback riding with them. I danced with them. I walked with them in the moonlight. I did everything but swim and play tennis with them. I wasn't going to be sunburned for any one. Besides, I couldn't swim, and I never had a tennis racket in my hands.

Some of them made love to me.

Honest, they had me winging. I'd heard a lot about love and read a few stories. But I didn't believe in it, any more than I believed in Santa Claus or the Easter bunny. The only men I'd ever met before were drugstore cowboys, drunken sailors, smelly hoboes out of the grainfields and the lumber camps, fresh longshoremen with whisky on their breaths, drummers, cheap comedians, guys that hollered and whistled and laughed at me as I danced, guys that tried to slip me notes, or paw me, or tell me smutty stories, or date me up.

OH, these friends of Sandy were on the make, of course. But they were so nice about it. They didn't have me fooled, but they did something else to me almost as bad. They made me like it.

Mrs. Tolles was a sweet old thing. She knew all about me. I made Sandy tell her. And another woman I liked was the governor's wife.

"Honey, I'm for you a thousand per cent," she told me. "I was a show girl once myself."

She'd spotted me the minute she saw me. I didn't care.

"I met the governor in New York," she said. "And I liked him. He fussed about me like an old hen. Never had an improper thought about me, God bless his dear old-fashioned soul. He told me he had a political job down South, said he was worth a little money, and asked me to marry him. Honey, I didn't know he was the governor of the state. Not until they met us at the depot with a brass band and a couple of acres of silk hats."

She made me call her Abbie.

About ten days after I shot him, Luther Prouty came out of the hospital. Sandy told me the news with a long face. He seemed kind of frightened.

"Well," I said, "I guess that washes me up."

I laughed, but I didn't want to laugh.

"No," he said. "No. You'll never be washed up with me. Never. I love you."

Bang! Like that. When I wasn't expecting it.

We were sitting by a little lake near his house. There were swans riding on it like little white ships. And frogs were croaking. You could see them sitting on the lily pads, their bellies shining in the moonlight.

"I don't believe in love," I said.

"I can understand that," he said. "But if you only knew how I adore you—"

A lump came up into my throat.

"Look," I said. "I'm a tramp—in a way. I don't belong any place. I go up and down the earth and don't stay anywhere long."

"Where were you born?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Mother forgot. She thought it began with a B, but she wasn't sure. You see what I mean? I never had any home. I traveled in a trunk when I was a baby, and slept in it at a hotel or in a theater. The only real home I had—if you can call it a home—was the convent."

He didn't say anything.

"It was all right," I said. "The nuns were kind. They loved me. Sure there's love. That kind. They taught me to love everybody, the nuns did. I thought they were right. But I found out how wrong they were. My mother had loved a man, and she'd left him. She was sick and starving. Nobody cared. Nobody but me."

HE didn't say anything to that.

"I'm not going to love any man—and get over it. If there is such a thing as love, I want it. I want it terribly. And I want to keep it forever. But there isn't such a thing. There couldn't be. It would be too marvelous if there were."

It was like telling your inmost thoughts to a priest.

I kept looking at the frogs and the swans and the lilies.

"I love lilies," he said. "Maybe that's why I love you. You are a lily, you know. A hard, tough, capable, beautiful lily. A white lily. But you've never felt the sun. Some day you will."

I shook my head.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Back to New York, I guess," I said. "They've banned the strip-tease there, but my agent will have something for me—maybe. In Oshkosh or Patagonia or Buenos Aires or Rio. Anyway, back to the stage—the shape that launched a thousand strips."

Suddenly I hated myself, the life I'd led, the people I'd known. I hated my father and mother. I hated the millions of men who'd seen my body. I wanted to sneak away and die. Me, a lily! I tell you, it got me.

"Marry me," he said. "Live here. Lilies should have roots—and attention, and rest, and love. You've never rested in your life. You've never had love."

"No," I said. "Never. Not until you brought me here."

"This is your home," he said. "My people shall be your people, my life yours—yours, mine."

"No," I said. "I won't take. I won't give."

"You needn't be a wife until you love me," he said. "If you never love me—but I'll gamble on that."

"You won't touch me?" I asked him.

"I won't touch you."

I shook my head. I wouldn't marry him. I couldn't.

"It isn't kosher," I said, "a stripper marrying into the carriage trade. People will find out who I am, and then—"

"Let them," he said. "They'll be as proud of you as I am when they know you."

I knew it was wrong; but I couldn't argue with him. And then I loved his home and his life and all that. I couldn't give it all up and go back on the road. So I said yes. I knew I'd have to pay some day.

But if I'd known how much it would cost me, I'd have rung down the curtain so fast on Mr. Sandy Tolles he'd never want to see me again.

What will this strange marriage bring to Sandy and Wings? Can she banish the memory of her sordid, tinsel past? Can he forget that his wife displayed her body in a cheap burlesque show? In next week's installment this amazing story of a man's love and the curious ways of a woman's heart soars to a stirring climax.

CHINA'S STRONG WOMAN *Talks*

For liberals with common sense—A close-up of a lovely dreamer who is hammering her dreams into realities

By **FULTON OURSLER**

Editor of Liberty

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHO is the greatest man in the Far East?" I asked this question of several men who ought to have known and they all gave the same sort of answer:

"The greatest man in Asia is a woman. She is Soong Mayling, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo and the real brains and boss of the Chinese government."

Like most Americans, I had heard fantastic stories about Soong Mayling. She comes of the brilliant and powerful Soong family; her brother is one of the richest men in China; a sister is the widow of China's George Washington, the now almost deified Sun Yat-sen. Another sister is the wife of the Minister of Finance. And Soong Mayling, as the wife of the head of the government, is reputed everywhere to be the source of all the common-sense statesmanship, energy, and political wisdom by which China is being fused into one coherent and effective nation.

I knew, of course, that Soong Mayling had been that sweet girl graduate from Wellesley College who carried home to the Orient a hot faith in her own people. I remembered how she became the bride of the great soldier, and how he, catching the Christian fire from his wife, was publicly baptized in Shanghai. I knew how they came to rule China. And only a few months ago, when rebels captured her husband, and all the world held its breath, it was this same Soong Mayling who faced down a row of wrathful generals, forced the military to do her will, and having thus smothered a new civil war, flew into the enemy's lines, braving death to join her husband's captivity. Moreover, as every one knows, she brought the Generalissimo safely home without yielding one concession to the captors' demands.

A fabulous woman; a legend of fearlessness, beauty, and wisdom hard to believe. I knew that she stood in one of the key positions to world war or peace. There had formed in my mind the deep and earnest wish that I could meet her and her warrior husband face to face.

That was how it came to be that on a fine spring afternoon I was in Shanghai, in a motor car belonging to the Generalissimo, with gray-haired energetic W. H. Donald as companion and escort. Donald, an Australian in China for thirty-three years, is probably the most powerful foreigner in any country today; he is constantly in counsel with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. He seems to be without greed, ambition, or title—he refuses even to be called an "adviser"; he never drinks or smokes, always tells the truth, even when it sends him temporarily to the doghouse, as we say. A hundred times he has proved—as in the Generalissimo's capture—that he is brave, stubborn, and wise.

"You are very fortunate to be having tea with Madame," Donald was carefully telling me. "Madame is on the verge of a nervous collapse. Madame now sees almost no one. But she defies her doctors!"



"Like a girl in her twenties": Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

"Do you think she might let me meet her husband?"

"The Generalissimo?" shouted Donald. He threw up his hands. "Impossible! Do you realize that the Generalissimo is a *very* ill man? His back was terribly injured during that capture in Sian. Also he has lost all his teeth—all!"

Furthermore, I knew that the English and the Japanese had recently been holding disquieting little private conversations, and the Generalissimo, toothless or not, had been talking long and often on the telephone to his London ambassador.

No wonder the Generalissimo was inaccessible,* I thought, as we halted before No. 9 Route Francis Garnier. Modest gates opened and we rolled into a driveway. Guards—and there must have been guards—were invisible; at the house of the Generalissimo of the Chinese armies I did not see one uniform; one weapon. Yet only an hour before they had dragged away a Japanese fanatic who had smuggled himself into the country just to get a glimpse of the Christian soldier who, he believed, was to bring not war but peace to the whole East.

The room into which a servant led us was long and full of shadows; the furnishings were modern but Chinese. And the hostess who came in smiling and with extended hand was, like her background, modern and Chinese.

I have never met any one else who affected me quite as did Madame Chiang Kai-shek, although in a long journalistic career I have met many of the great persons of my time. As she came through a doorway from her garden, she was a slight princess in a native frock of black silk and embroidered flowers, the skirt slit on either side halfway to the knee. Her walk was graceful and quick, the positive stride of one who even thrived on opposition. My first look into her winning black eyes told me of the great and contradictory passions of peace and action. Her gaze spoke of some kind of personal access to peace within her own spirit—and yet I thought I read frustration, too, as if all her life she had wanted to play and knew just how to do it, too, but never quite found the time. She was short and her hair was dark

* Nevertheless, Mr. Oursler was to meet and have a talk with the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek—as will appear in an early issue of *Liberty*.

satin and plentiful and arranged so that it fell softly over one side of her lovely and intelligent face. The skin was of an exquisitely fine texture; one seldom sees such fine skin on American or European women. Fine skin is a characteristic of Chinese beauty.

"She who must be obeyed," as some of her haggard critics call her, seemed touchingly young and feminine—and those are weapons infinitely terrible in the power of a dictator. I was told Madame was thirty-nine. Yet she seemed to me like a girl in her late twenties, and I think the snapshot of her in the garden bears me out. The eyes, so clear and resolute, knew frequent flashes of mischief; I have often wondered if Joan of Arc carried an old favorite rag doll in her shoulder pack; I am sure Soong Mayling would keep a favorite toy close by.

In that first moment of meeting, something of this woman's whole magnificent and dangerous destiny flashed through my heart, immense and complete. Four hundred million miserable people—and hers the job of making them clean and feeding them, curing them in body and spirit, and giving them security, comfort, knowledge, hope. What a task! A large part of the surface of the earth to be made over; a vast territory, now laid waste with famine, people dying of starvation, whole villages full, hundreds of thousands at a time; and not only famine sweeping her tortured country, but secret enemies urging her people on to smoke opium and let all be ruined ecstatically. Disease everywhere—cholera in one province, typhoid and smallpox and bubonic plague in another, syphilis, tuberculosis, and leprosy everywhere you look, even in the modern city of Shanghai.

And never a moment free from the danger of poison in a glass of cold water, an assassin's knife while one slept!

She had me sit in a chair beside her, and I began to tell her of how she had won the affection and admiration of Americans by her courageous course during the odd little business of her husband's detention at Sian.

"Their respect for you is unbounded," I assured her. "They know, for instance, how you hold the portfolio as head of the air forces of the army. They admire you for the way you make your officials listen to reason. We have been hoping you would come to visit us and tell us how you do it."

Madame's smile faded. "I had intended to go to America. One college was to give me a degree; I was to make one or two addresses—and then I thought I could have a vacation. But the cables that come in here! Invitations to everything. I could not face that. It is wonderful to be well liked—but popular favor is fickle. The people can just as easily turn against you. That is not an American trait; it is just human nature, something Christians must learn to overcome."

That gave me the opportunity to ask Madame about her religion; I knew that Christianity was now playing an heroic role in Chinese politics.

MY father was a member of the Southern Methodist Church," she explained. "I have never become a member. Why should Christians divide up into little sects? We Chinese, once we have become Christians, find it hard to understand that," she added, with a petulance that I thought charming. "Certainly Jesus taught nothing like sectarianism. Sometimes I think that only plain speaking can help the church to help the world. I spoke plainly to a religious gathering not long ago when I said that many Christians have not liked to endure hardships. Yet Christians are soldiers of Jesus, and soldiers know little except hardships; especially Chinese soldiers. What is the foundation of Christianity except suffering, the cross? That is why I praise the missionaries sent to China by American churches. They are real soldiers. Back in the United States it is the fashion to condemn them. China knows better. There have been some bad ones, of course—there have always been some bad everything. As the Generalissimo and I have traveled from one end of the country to the other, we have been astonished again and again at the devotion of these missionaries and the hardships they endure.

"We need more of that missionary strength to endure not only in nations but in every individual life. As my husband has often said, Jesus, while He was still a young

man, gave up His life for the cause. None of us—Chinese or American or Japanese, or anybody—will go very far until we believe in something so much that we will give our lives for it. So you see that Christianity is a revolutionary faith—I said so frankly at a religious conference only a few days ago—and every man of faith in such a world as ours should be a revolutionary."

"You mean, then, that the church should have an active social-service program? Of course there are many opposed to that conception of the duty of the church."

"I know. The mystical element in religion must have some value for some people. But to me religion is just life as it must be lived by ordinary mortals, but with the humdrum tasks of everyday life being performed with greater cheerfulness because of an inner faith in God. I frankly do not believe we can save China without religion. Political force is not enough. Take, for instance, a law that forbids killing. Such a law can neither prevent nor punish suicide. That is why social education and religion play such an important role in remolding the life of a people. They must go together. It is all a very important question for China, and therefore important to the peace of the whole world."

AND Madame put her head on one side and looked at me plaintively. I asked her if she had studied the Oxford Movement and was aware of its political objectives.

"I am not a member of the Oxford Movement, but I have studied it carefully. It has excellent points, but I do not believe in public confession."

"Is it not true," I asked, "that some of its practices are definitely Oriental? The 'quiet time,' when the soul invites itself—isn't that very much like the Buddhistic and theosophic practice of 'going into the silence'?"

"Yes, I think so, and long before I ever heard of the Oxford Movement I had my 'quiet times.'"

And Madame looked at me much more approvingly and gave the signal for tea to be served.

"How is the regeneration of China to be accomplished?" I asked her.

"By economic reconstruction, by education, and especially by the New Life Movement."

The New Life Movement. I had heard much about this organized effort of the Nanking government to improve the life of the Chinese people. But nothing I had read about its Boy Scout activities, its sports and games and schools and mass marriages in the Shanghai City Hall, had made its nature and purpose very clear. Yet I could see from the sudden excited look on Madame's face that in this movement, the origin of which is credited to her husband, were all her mind and heart and soul. She lit one of what she called her "baby cigarettes."

"The New Life Movement," she explained fervently, "is founded on the four ancient virtues of our people. We Chinese call those four virtues *Li*, *I*, *Lien*, and *Chih*.

"*Li* means regulated attitude.

"*I* means right conduct.

"*Lien* means clear discrimination.

"*Chih* means true self-consciousness."

"All that," I confessed, "is rather vague to my Yankee mind."

"Well," she smiled, "it is full of Chinese meaning. It is a program for national spiritual and physical regeneration—to substitute a rational life for an irrational life."

A big program, as Madame explained it in more detail. In American terms, it meant food, clothing, shelter, education—and *drilling*—and perhaps some day the universal franchise—for four hundred million paupers.

There could be no other name for this incredibly ambitious movement; it was a social revolution. No wonder Madame must put her trust in the revolutionary doctrines of the Nazarene to make her plan for social justice stick. Indeed, China today prays "Thy kingdom come" with the belief that heaven on earth is presently coming to China.

"Here," I remarked to Madame, "is a remarkable example of church and state working together."

"Right. The churches have lent us their best men for help in this New Life work. Take Kiangsi for example. Eleven welfare centers have been established there by a

secretary of the National Christian Council. The kingdom of God is real indeed when it can be brought down to life in the villages of war-torn Kiangsi.

"Again, our Council on Health Education, the first public-health department in all China, was carried on for years entirely by Christians. Now that its work has been taken over by the government, we find many gaps, and to fill those gaps we have to turn at present to mission and church hospitals. Our work to help the people is going rapidly from one end of China to the other. Now our Minister of Railways, Mr. Chang Kwang-ngau, is fitting up a special railway coach which he calls New Life on Wheels. This will be equipped with movies to teach sanitary habits, health habits, recreation and sports. It will go to the most remote places in China."

At this point I had to strike a jarring note:

"I have heard that there is in important Chinese quarters a great deal of opposition to the New Life Movement. One story was that the movement was being used by puritanical fanatics to make the Chinese girls wear long sleeves, give up rouge, dancing, cigarettes."

Madame smoked thoughtfully for a moment.

"That was true, in part. Some politicians tried to seize the movement. They used the ideas of the puritan, not because they believed in them but on the theory that any discipline would mold the people to their will. My husband stopped that as soon as he heard about it."

"Then there is nothing of Fascism in the movement?"

"No. China would never take Fascism, or any form of the totalitarian state. We can't ever be really regimented. Every Chinese is a personality. He will always think for himself. He has an ancient and magnificent culture, a sense of justice, a love of freedom. The New Life Movement has definitely rejected all forms of regimentation as being opposed to the principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and so betraying the people."

"That goes for Communism, too?"

"My husband and his troops are driving that godless folly from China."

We talked of other reasons for opposition to the New Life program. The suppression of gambling had made many rich and influential exploiters of the people unhappy; so did the ruthless suppression of opium and the abolition of "squeeze," which is the Chinese equivalent of our "chiseling." And naturally the government's insistence on economy had made lots of interested Chinese mad!



"It is synthetic, and Confucianism at its worst," declared one pious Christian convert, said not to regard gambling in his houses of pleasure as too great a sin.

I put the question directly: "But, Madame, is it not true that there is as much of Confucius as there is of Jesus in the New Life Movement?"

"There is no clash between Jesus and Confucius. The great Chinese sage only stopped with our mortal life. He said that it was almost impossible to understand this life which we see all around us, so how could we ever understand a future life which no one had ever seen? But there is no clash—only Confucianism must adapt itself to its environment."

Still smiling, Madame led the way out into her garden. It seemed an enchanted place, not made for the discussion of the serious problems of life. There was a broad lawn leading from the terrace, and all around the lawn were mysterious groves; land that rose in quaint zigzag stone steps bordered by waterworn stones from old Peking; and other land that descended in little steps into rose bowers and cozy retreats of vines and blossoms.

"One thing I am sure Americans would like to know," I told her. "The New Life Movement has taken so many Western ideas—surely it must have something to give. What can America take and use from it?"

She looked at me over her shoulder and her dark eyes were full of panic. "That is a very difficult question," she countered. "You make me feel just now like I am taking

an examination back in Wellesley. Oh, that is a hard question to answer."

"Humility?"

"No, no!"

"Endurance?"

"Never. Those are negative virtues—they are nothing to imitate. I will be frank with you about America. She has not an inferiority complex. She has a superiority complex. She could best take from us those four cardinal virtues. In America, everything is quick, on the surface, external. America needs a heart, a spirit, a soul—to learn there are good and great things in the world that are not American. She needs to learn not to laugh at the riches of the spirit but to seek those riches for herself. She should have a respect for the elderly. You saw our track meet yesterday; if you could have read those Chinese signs on the posts they would have said to you, 'Be good to your parents. Take loving care of the old ones!' Nowhere else in the world would you find signs like that around an athletic stadium. Only in China!"

"And here is another thing: In China a poor family can rise to great wealth, but when they do they never become ridiculous. There are no *nouveau riche* in China; America is full of *nouveau riche*. Why is there that difference? Because no matter how poor our people are, they have—or should have—the riches of spirit: kindness, gentleness, helpfulness, respect for the views and rights of others. Conduct and character, don't you see, are a part of Chinese education. It was entirely because China forsook those virtues and became materialistic that slowly through the centuries she fell into the state of degradation from which now, and at last, she is emerging. America can profit by China's example; she must have a spiritual rebirth or she will perish."

AS we wandered farther into that flowery maze, Madame explained to me some of the economic problems facing the government. It saddened her that American business men seemed more and more indifferent to the Chinese market. Not being an American business man, I could only agree with her. Indeed, the situation is incomprehensible to one who is not a business man. Here are four hundred million potential customers. They do not ask for money; they need credit in the form of goods, especially machinery and heavy equipment. Great Britain is giving them these very things. The present government is stable and going to last, according to the best foreign and domestic opinion in China. American business men who are afraid to take Chinese risks do not know the new China.

"How, then," I asked Madame, "do you see China twenty-five years from now?"

Again that exalted look came into her face, so sure now, and so proud!

"China? In twenty-five years? In twenty-five years China will be the greatest nation in the world. How can it be done? With God's help we are going to do it. With God's help we will drive out disease, famine, opium, ignorance—all these monsters that stand in our way. With God's help we will liberate four hundred million people for a new and better life. We will become the greatest of nations, and when we do, we Chinese will not abuse that power. We shall practice instead our four ancient virtues of *Li*, *I*, *Lien*, and *Chih* in our international relations. Our women will lead the way triumphantly; they are tasting of the New Life and are surging forward. All China is on the march."

Dusk was falling. Down the little steps to the rose bower came a shadow—a servant, who spoke rapidly. Madame smiled up at me through the glow of twilight.

"My husband has consented to see you," she told me graciously. The news was like a great gift, and she saw my pleasure and continued to smile as she led the way back to the house.

The story of my talk with Chiang Kai-shek must be told another day. Meanwhile, how far may Soong Mayling not go in hammering her great dreams into realities? At least I felt, as I mounted the steps to meet her Generalissimo, that for a little while I had walked with History herself in a Chinese garden.

THE END

Wings

BY MARION

A tender, human story of lonely hearts, a

KIM padded soberly along the littered reach of the tide line and listened to the stillness. And thought that Island Point must be the stillest place in all the world.

The tide was far out, and lay flat and gray and quiet under a gray sky. He pushed his hands hard into his pockets and tried to whistle.

If only his dad could go hiking the way he used to! But it would be a long time before anything like that could happen again. And Kim wasn't complaining. For he knew—in the way you do know such things, even when people try to keep them from you—that he was lucky to have any dad left at all.

For when you and your dad are all there are of you—and something happens to one of you . . .

When school had ended in June, Kim had been packed off to a boys' camp. But it hadn't been so hot. For somehow, whenever he thought of his dad, he couldn't seem to call up the well known, tall, erect figure in its snappy A. C. uniform. Only the long, strange, quiet one that had hardly been able to lift a hand to wave back at him from the high bed in the hospital. Even when his dad began to write little penciled letters saying how swell he was feeling now. . . . They put you in a Home, with a big H, like the one up on the hill as you drove into town from the field, if your dad left you when there was no one but you and he. And there'd never again be any fine, big, uniformed person to tousle your hair and teach you about swimming and wrestling . . . and sometimes, when your school marks had been especially good, give you a lesson in the controls of a grounded ship against the time when *you'd* be going into the Air Corps, too.

When he'd come home at the end of August, his dad was much as he was now; limping on the cane, and needing a good deal of help with stairs. And on their first evening he'd told Kim about Island Point.

He'd said, as if he felt rather ashamed of himself, "They say I'll have to take a rest somewhere where it's quiet, with nobody around that I'd have to talk to; and I have a long sick leave. I've heard of just the place—for me; but Cape Cod after Labor Day can be pretty dead for a kid. Think you can make out for a couple of months if it'll put your old man together again?"

"I'll say I can!" Kim had answered sturdily.

So they'd come the tenth of September, when his dad could stand the trip, with Sara the cook, and Michael the handy man, who was her husband. And the house was big and white and rambling, with a captain's walk on the roof.

"I've written Harvard about a tutor for you," Kim's dad told him over their first dinner in the big dining room that looked out over the twilit sweep of sea and sky. "One who can play me a good game of chess when I get around to feeling like it! But not before October. For a guy that's just been discharged from three hundred dollars' worth of back to nature and all-outdoors, you look pretty tacky to me, and I'd say you could do with a few weeks' vacation."

And Kim had promptly agreed, "Sure I can!"

That had been seven days ago. And it felt like seven weeks! For on all the big, rocky, duny, beach-plummy expanse of Island Point there wasn't a soul but their own four selves.

He'd had just one thrill since they'd come. That had been on his second morning, when he'd come suddenly upon the Other House. It was around the end of the point from his own; a little Cape Cod cottage, gray and cozy-looking, with a white picket fence and blue blinds. Kim was starting for it in great excitement—when he'd seen that the blue blinds were tightly closed . . . shut up, like everything else at the seashore when September comes!

He told his dad about it when he reached home. But his dad, it seemed, had known all the time that it was



Preferred

BRANDON

broken romance, and a small boy's dream

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

there, and was especially glad of its being unoccupied. "It's his nerves, dearie, that makes him like being lonesome this way," Sara explained later. "After him coming so near—I mean, being so sick—with nobody to look after him but all them nurses. And nobody but us now..."

"Who else would he have?" Kim had wanted to know.

"Your ma, if she was here to do it. And seeing she isn't, it's for us to help him by pretending *we* like it this way, too."

And so, on this gray still afternoon, Kim was ambling among the weed, when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. For there—right in front of him in the sand—were footprints!

They were small, too, and crisscrossed with markings like the ones on Kim's own sneaker soles. They came down the dunes and vanished around a rocky point. Kim followed hastily.

Just around the point was a big rock pool. And kneeling at its farther edge, lifting a dripping little net from the water, was a girl nearly Kim's own age. She had on a blue pleated skirt and a red sweater, and her short dark curls were circled by a red ribbon. When she saw Kim, her round little face crinkled into a smile.

"Come and see what I've caught!" she invited.

Kim hurried around the pool to view the two sizable green crabs at the bottom of the net. "What you going to do with 'em?" he asked.

"Put 'em in the aquarium that mom said to make—only it's a dishpan right now." She stood up and brushed the sand from her skirt. "You can come and see it—we live just around the point. Mom wanted a rest in a quiet place, so we came here. Yesterday. From Buffalo." She gave a little skip. "It's swell, isn't it?"

"Slick!" Kim agreed. And meant it.

THE blue blinds of the gray cottage were open, and smoke curled cozily from the chimney. A lady was sitting in a basket chair near the doorstone with some sewing.

"Company already, Judy!" she said. And smiled at Kim as if she really liked boys and was glad to see him.

"He lives in the big house," Judy told her. "And—what is your name?" she broke off.

"Jeffery Kimball Denning—only I have to be called Kim on account of dad's name's Jeff." Kim put his hand promptly into the one that Judy's mother held out to him—and decided that she was the nicest lady he'd ever met.

And the prettiest. Even if she didn't have Judy's dark, dark hair and eyes. Her eyes were just the gray kind, like his own; but there was something in them that made him feel at home right away. And the soft waves of her hair shone gold. And she had the nicest, nicest smile.

"I've just made some gingerbread," she said. "Perhaps you'd better have some while it's hot."

She led the way into the kitchen, where a sheet of spicy-smelling gingerbread stood cooling on a rack. She cut a plateful of generous squares and poured two tall glasses of milk. Then she went back to her sewing. Kim and Judy sat down at the table.

"I'm glad mom lets me eat gingerbread and cookies and things while they're hot." Judy bit luxuriously into the brown fluffy deliciousness. "Does your mother mind?"

"I haven't any mother," Kim told her.

"I'd hate not having mom," Judy observed. "Was yours nice?"

"I don't really remember her," Kim said slowly. "Only that there was—some one—long ago, with dad. But I guess she must have been nice, for dad's never felt like talking about her, or had pictures around to remind him of her; and Sara told me how I mustn't

When she saw Kim, her little face crinkled into a smile. "Come and see what I've caught!" she invited.

ask him about her, ever, so's not to make him feel bad."

Judy nodded understandingly. "I know all about how that is. You just pretend you don't *want* to know about them because when you were little, and asked about them, you made your mother cry. You see, I haven't any father; only I don't remember *him* at all."

"Gosh!" Kim sympathized. "That's tough."

"Are you going to the school in Farnsport?" Judy asked, after they had told all about themselves. "I'm starting on Monday. It's a smooth school, with a bus to take you."

As she piled detail upon interesting detail, Kim felt a growing distaste for tutors from Harvard. He pushed back his chair. "I'd better go," he said, "and tell dad about the Farnsport school."

Judy's mother, coming in at that moment, said, "Your father was the Air Corps captain that sent his car off the road to miss a little girl, wasn't he? There was a good deal about it in the papers, I remember . . . the name was the same as yours."

"That was dad," Kim told her. "He'd been working on an invention to make ships safer in blind flying, and he was on leave, taking the plans to Washington, when that little kid scooted out from behind some bushes, just when he was about nicely started—and there wasn't any place for him to turn, only into the ravine. He says that's what you get for coming down from where it's all safe traveling, and taking chances on the ground."

"Flying people all feel that way, don't they?" She smiled as if she didn't. "Come and see us whenever you can," she added.

Kim didn't amble home. Or shuffle in seaweed. He ran all the way.

"Dad!" he shouted as he tore up the porch steps. "There's company on the point! And there's a school in Farnsport, with lots of kids, and a bus. And *I* don't need any dumb old tutor!"

His dad laid aside his papers. He was working at his blind-flying stuff. "In the cottage around the point?"

"That's where!" Kim bestrode the porch rail and swung joyous feet. "And there's a girl. She was seven in May, and her name's Judy, and her mother teaches school in Buffalo, and *her* name's Mrs. Warren, and she has a substitute till Thanksgiving on account of taking a rest, like us. And Judy's going to school in Farnsport . . . and we could walk up the point road to the bus . . ."

He paused for breath. His dad reached out and pulled him from the railing and between his knees; his dark eyes looked very far down into Kim's.

"While heaven knows *I* don't want any schoolma'ams from Buffalo barging in on our nice private point," he said, "if their daughters are good as all this for my son—and can be kept out of my way!—thumbs down on the tutor . . . and up on the village schoolhouse."

THOSE Cape Cod days were the best days of all Kim's life.

There was an afternoon when Kim's dad called from the living room as they ran softly past the door, "Can't you bring the lady in and introduce me?"

When they went in, he stood up and bowed as he did to real grown-up ladies; and when Judy put her hand into his, she made a little curtsy. "I hope you're lots better now," she said.

"Lots," Kim's dad told her. "And I want to thank you for being such good medicine for Kim. He looks positively fat since you took him in hand! And do you think you could stay to dinner and keep up the good work if I send him around to ask your mother?"

At dinner that night the round table was so pleasantly full, with Judy at Kim's dad's right, Kim on his left,

and only one unoccupied place instead of the usual two.

"He's so *nice*, Kim!" Judy whispered later.

"He doesn't *look* so hot in those dumb old civilian clothes," Kim apologized. "But he thinks he'll be back in uniform by December, and then you'll see . . ."

He broke off. By December, Judy would be in Buffalo, hundreds of miles from Cutler Field. More hundreds from the new field in Texas, to which his dad was to be transferred at the first of the year. He'd quite forgotten that! He wanted to forget it now. . . .

The next night there was supper at Judy's, with crisp brown waffles and steaming cups of cocoa, and candle-light flickering on Judy's mother's hair, making it gold above the soft blue of her dress.

After supper, Kim and Judy cleared the table and dried the dishes; and then Judy's mother read to them till it was time for Kim to go. Her voice was low and sweet and very clear, and when you sat close to her, you could smell violets, faintly. And she somehow gave Kim the most belonging, at-home feeling that he'd ever had anywhere but *at* home, with his own dad. It was swell!

FROM then on, it was that way every night. Dinner or supper at each other's houses, and games afterward, or homework, till Kim began to feel like a family of three—with a father one night and a mother the next and a little sister all the time.

Judy was as good as any boy at everything but throwing a ball. Though Kim was always careful to wait for her if she fell behind, and help her up hard places, as his dad had told him to.

"Remember that a boy must always look out for a girl," he'd said. "Think of her first, and help her, and take care of her. Boys and men

must always take things, of course, with their heads up and their mouths shut; but you're never to let a girl do it if there's any way of helping her out."

Then, when October was turning into November, a Saturday came when Kim's dad was better enough to take them on more than just the Farnsport kind of movie party. Michael drove them fifteen miles past Farnsport to what looked like a real town. And after the picture they walked slowly down a few blocks of the brightly lighted main street; Kim on one side of his dad, Judy in her dark-blue coat and red beret on the other, moving with the little skips and hops that were her idea of walking. And they had a swell, grown-up dinner, with tomato juice *and* soup before the chicken and other things. Then the long drive home.

"Tired?" Kim's dad asked Judy, who hadn't said a word for a good many miles. They were almost where you turned off the macadam onto the point road.

"Not—tired," Judy said slowly. "Only—it was such a beautiful time . . . it makes me feel—piggy about mom."

"I wonder," he said, "whether your mother would be kind enough to chaperon a real party next Saturday? To Providence, to the football game. It would have to be an all-day spree, you see, and that would be a bit steep for me yet."

"Oh," was all that Judy had to say. But she put both arms around his neck and hugged him. And did he like it!

The next morning he gave Kim a note for Judy's mother; and said that she was just to tell Kim yes or no, and not bother to write. And she said she'd love to take them.

On Saturday morning Kim's dad gave him five five-dollar bills and told him to make it a day; and just how to do it. "Things have worked out mighty nicely for you here, old scout," he finished, "and we must make the most of it for you in the time we have left. In a



couple of weeks I'll be taking a trip to Boston for a once-over to see if I can't join up with the squadron again by Thanksgiving. So see that you make it a bang-up party!"

Kim did, and it was.

Perhaps it was because it was Saturday, with everybody out of school, but the world seemed to be made up of family foursomes: A mother and a father and a brother and a sister. Most often, a younger sister. But among all the fours there was no little sister that looked half so good as Judy; no mother as pretty as Judy's mother. And nowhere a father that was a marker on Kim's own dad even now, with the dumb civilian clothes, and a blank space over his breast pocket where his wings should be.

It was a long, long drive home, all in the dark, with Michael going slowly because it had begun to rain. The windshield wipers slid steadily back and forth, the big tires sang on the wet concrete, the lights marched on ahead. . . .

The stopping of the car woke Kim suddenly. There was the little cottage; there was Michael opening the car door. But Kim didn't want to move ever again. For his head was resting against Judy's mother's shoulder, her arm was around him, holding him close—as she was holding Judy, still sound asleep, on her other side. And he'd never felt so comfortable in all his life.

"I don't think Judy'll ever wake up!" she said as Kim raised himself reluctantly. "Good night," she finished, "and thank your father for a lovely day."

She kissed him. And did it feel good! But there was something about it, too, that made him feel like crying—if he hadn't been nine.

After he'd told his dad all about everything, and gone up to bed, Kim couldn't go to sleep.

A father *and* a mother *and* a little sister! That was what it had felt like for a long time, even if it had always been in threes. What, deep in his heart, he'd been pretending it was! And now, in two more weeks . . .

Two of you just didn't *make* a family; it took more than that. Only, he'd never known it before. You couldn't, of course, if you'd never had any experience. But he'd had that now, and things could never be the same again.

A mother was so quite different from a father; one of them just couldn't do for both. Judy had a mother. Judy was lucky. But you could never trade your dad for one!

YOU took things, if you were a boy or a man, with your head up and your mouth shut. You kept still, and covered up the cold empty lonesomeness that was so much worse than the lonesomeness of those first days on Island Point; pretended that everything was O. K., the way you'd once thought it was. Never let your dad know. . . .

The night's discovery pressed heavily on Kim as he took his way along the beach in the morning. And when he saw Judy coming around the point, she was walking slowly along the tide line, with her hands in the pockets of her little red-plaid lumberjack.

"You're kind of poky," he told her.

"I guess maybe I'm tired," Judy said. She sat down on the nearest rock ledge. Kim perched beside her, and threw a few pebbles into the pool beside it.

"Kim," Judy said suddenly, "were you ever scared of something that wasn't like a big dog, or a snake, or something you could run away from? And you couldn't tell your mother, on account of you didn't want to make her feel bad?"

Kim thought of last night. "Maybe," he admitted. "What you scared of?"

"I've been playing a pretend," Judy said slowly. "Ever since we started having supper at each other's houses, I've pretended I had a mother *and* a father *and* a big brother like a really, truly family. When it was you and me and mom together, I pretended our father was sick—with a cold, maybe. And when it was us and your father, I played that our mother was upstairs with a—*a* headache. I pretended so hard, I just about got to believe it! And now"—she fumbled under her bloomer elastic for her handkerchief; big tears rolled down her cheeks—"I'm scared to go back to Buffalo, and being just mom and me again!"

Judy, too! Kim stared in dismay.

"Stop crying!" he told her. "And let me think of something."

"There isn't anything to think of!" Judy wailed.

Boys and men took things. And kept quiet. And didn't try to duck out of them. But that didn't go for girls and ladies. You were to help them out if you possibly could. . . .

And there *was* something that *might* be done!

"You stay here," he said. "I'll be back." And he hurried down the beach.

If only, *only* his dad would—see it!

HIS dad was working at the desk between the windows. "Dad—" Kim began; and found himself curiously breathless. "Did you ever think of—of getting married over again—if you knew of a *very* nice lady . . . and it would help somebody very much?"

His dad pushed the litter of papers aside. "What lady?" he asked. "And whom would it help?"

"Judy's mother. And Judy's what it would help." And Kim repeated all that Judy had told him. "You see," he finished, "a mother by herself just isn't enough."

"Nor a father by *himself*!" His dad smiled, but he looked very sober too. Kim met his eyes squarely.

"Yes, *he* is!" he answered stoutly. "But it's—well, different about mothers."

"Lied like a gentleman!" His dad stood up; his hand was tight on Kim's shoulder. "No, old-timer; I'd like better than I can say to have Judy for our little girl; but—nothing doing, I'm afraid."

He walked across the room a couple of times. He wasn't using the cane any more; he just limped a little. Finally he stopped in front of Kim.

"Don't imagine I haven't thought of all this a good many times, old scout," he said. "Especially when you were a little tyke, and missing what you were missing. And there are plenty of women who would be—kind to a man and a boy on their lonesome, like us. But whenever I'd try to be—well, up-to-date about it, and make up my mind to marry some one else"—he paused so long that Kim began to think he'd forgotten about going on—"it was no go. I'd had your mother hardly three years; but her place was hers, and I could

never put any one else into it. And I decided that you and I would just have to muddle through as best we could; and some day, if the real thing comes to you—the kind that lasts, no matter what may seem to be happening to it at times—you'll understand why your dad couldn't do what the ladies call his duty by you."

And suddenly Kim found himself understanding things he'd never understood before. That look in his dad's eyes that was always there some, but more at some times than others; most of all now. It was there because of that girl who had gone. Because he'd never get over the hurt of losing her; never be able to see any other girl or lady. Not even Judy's mother!

Just as Judy's mother would probably never be able to see him! Just because of some man who'd been



Judy's father—and *she* couldn't put any one in *his* place. And then and there, standing in the quiet old white-paneled room, Kim grew up. For if your dad had been hurt that way, it was your job to try to make up to him for what he'd lost. Take her place the best you knew how. Take care of him, sort of, even if he was six feet in his socks and almost thirty-three years old . . . and cut out wanting mothers and little sisters for yourself. That was what he had a boy *for*.

What Judy's mother had a girl for—as Judy would understand with a little explaining.

He squared his shoulders under the new load of responsibility. "I guess I could learn that chess, dad," he said, "that the tutor would of played with you."

His dad's eyes rested on his own with something in them that warmed Kim to the tips of his toes. "I'll say you could!" he said. "But right now, we've business on hand. Judy's mother must be thinking that the army learns its manners from the Goops! I should have called long ago to thank her for being so decent to you . . . and we'll just make my first expedition around the point to do it."

But he didn't move at once. He was drawing a worn little leather case from an inside pocket, and opening it. "There," he said, and held it for Kim to look. "Can you *see* why there couldn't be any one else?"

Kim looked down into the clear eyes of the girl in the picture—and seemed to step suddenly into a dream. He closed his own eyes for an instant; but when he opened them again, she was still the same. The nicest girl he'd ever seen, and the prettiest, smiling up at him over the curly head of a round-eyed baby.

"It was supposed to be *your* picture; she'd had it taken on your first birthday. But it was the best one of *her* we ever had." His dad's husky-sounding words made the dream press closer around Kim.

For the girl in the little picture was quite certainly Judy's mother! . . .

It made Kim feel shaky and queer. He looked up into his dad's lonely hurt eyes. "I—see, dad," he managed. And couldn't have said another word. . . .

Judy was still hunched forlornly on her rock. Kim's dad gave her his hand, and they all walked slowly to the gray cottage. Judy pushed open the blue door. "Kim and his father are here, mom," Kim could hear her saying from far away as she disappeared inside.

"Kim and his—" Judy's mother sounded frightened. And Kim's dad suddenly pushed Kim quite roughly ahead of him through the door, and aside.

Judy's mother had stood up from her chair. She *looked* frightened, too. But her face was like light.

"Oh, Jeff!" she said, very softly. And the dream feeling that had been pressing on Kim melted away, leaving everything real again, and beautiful.

HIS dad had her hands tight in both of his. His face was very white; but that same light was in it. Judy was staring at them, her mouth an astonished O.

"They said—you were marrying—Ogilvie." Kim's dad seemed very much out of breath. "You were living somewhere else, but your aunt told me . . ."

"Did you *come* for me, Jeff?" The shining look in her face was deepening, but her eyes were full of tears. "They'd never tell me, of course! They never did forgive you for cutting out Mark and his—financial advantages in the first place. . . . Yes, I thought I was marrying Mark. I thought I was m-modern; and things came to be such hard sledding for a lady who'd scorned alimony—with most of the money from dad's life insurance gone in bank failures, and Judy falling for every infants'-disease germ that even looked at her—that nearly three years after the—the decree, I put on Mark's ring—for a while. But every time I'd look at Mark, I'd always see you, too . . . making Mark look so—so secondhand. . . ."

"Then why in thunder . . ." His voice was hoarse.

"Didn't I try coming to you? But I did, Jeff! More than two years ago, when I knew that there are worse things to be afraid of than crack-ups of ships; that I'd let you go on test flights and observation flights and all the other flights and never say a word. To—to the moon

if I could only bring back the things that mattered. . . ."

"You came to *me*?"

"To your house, Jeff. You see, I'd been thinking that things might be hard for you, too, with a small boy to take care of, and all the trouble and expense; and that you might perhaps have missed me enough *that* way to—maybe forget the other things. And your transfer had brought you within a few hundred miles. So I—picked up my courage and went out to your field and found your house. Not a little second-lieutenantish house any more, Jeff, like the one at our old field! And such an expensive-looking couple in charge . . . and the car just starting out to take the captain's boy to meet his father."

"Dad's estate." He sounded tired. "He died four years ago—and I had to have Kim decently looked after."

"And so," she finished, "I said I wouldn't wait."

HE was looking very far down into her eyes. "And just how do you happen to be *here*, Mary?"

"Because—I had to be." She spoke very slowly. "After your being so dreadfully ill for so long, I had to find out what you were going to do, and be near. I didn't dare try to see you, and risk giving you a relapse or something, when I knew how I must have made you—detest me. But I thought I could perhaps make things easier for you if Kim had his sister to play with and somewhere to visit. And Warren's such an everyday name that a vague Mrs. Warren from upstate New York needn't mean anything special to you."

His sister to play with! To have it come right out that way, so that you could be *sure*! Kim drew a long breath—and realized then how he'd been holding it. Judy wasn't on; she was just staring. But Judy hadn't seen into the little leather case!

And Kim's dad looked a good deal like Judy. "His—what?" he said. "I supposed you'd adopted her."

"Adopted that hundred-per-cent Denning!" She was laughing and crying, both. "Jeff, Jeff, do you suppose that a selfish catty little wretch who could walk out on her husband and be sure she—loathed him, when he wouldn't give up the life he loved just because she didn't enjoy worrying over what might happen to him, would ever have been obliging enough to let him keep their boy if she hadn't known . . ."

"He rated some walking out on!" Kim's dad put in.

"I've always called her Judy Warren. Maybe that makes me some sort of criminal, Jeff; but it seemed better to have our names match when I'd taken back my old one, so that she needn't know for a while, at least, just how she'd lost her father. . . . And moving so far to Buffalo, when my cousin found me the job there, made it easy."

"I wonder," said Kim's dad, "if they issue special licenses to respectable, retiring Air Corps officers?"

"Retiring?" She sounded as if she didn't like it. "And to what?"

"Oh—mining, perhaps . . . or deep-sea diving!" He was smiling down at her. "Or the infantry! Anything that has its feet firmly planted on solid ground."

"I don't care for helmets or caps with lamps." She was looking straight up into his eyes. "Or crossed rifles! I prefer wings!" she said.

Kim pulled Judy's hand. "Come on," he said.

The other two looked at them then as if they'd just remembered that they were there. Kim's dad drew a hand across his eyes; and when he took it away, the look that used to be in them was gone, as if it had never been there. "Scram, you two!" he ordered. "Your old folks have a lot to talk about."

Scram was what he *said*. But the *way* he said it, and the way they both looked, took Kim and Judy right into their shining place with them. Kim pulled Judy through the blue door. Her eyes were very big and her cheeks very pink.

"We *are* a really, truly family!" she said solemnly. "Kim—my pretend wasn't a pretend at all. It was a—*a know!*"

That was it! Something inside you that *knew*—even if your outside self didn't. And as he looked back over it all, Kim could see that Judy was quite right.

THE END

LEGALLY DEAD AT LAST!

Will Judge Crater Come Back?

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A FEW days from now—at 9.15 o'clock on the night of August 6—former Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater of New York will be legally dead. His wife will become his widow; his insurance, totaling some \$40,000, will become collectible; and the nation's newspapers will once again review the Crater mystery.

Only Judge Crater himself, by returning to the world from which he unaccountably vanished on the night of August 6, 1930, can avert the foregoing series of events.

What are the chances of his returning?

No person so intensively sought for has ever returned after a seven-year absence.

In the Missing Persons Bureau of Police Headquarters in Centre Street is a stack of correspondence nearly two feet high. Much of it was inspired by a reward of \$5,000—since withdrawn. All of it purports to tell the whereabouts of the missing jurist. None of it does.

Three million police circulars have been futile. Clues have been run down the country over. "Leads" have come from Africa and Australia and Europe. And not a year has passed that Judge Crater has not been "found."

Late last October, outside Leavenworth, Kansas, a man who had torn every mark of identification from his clothing crawled to the top of a haystack, drenched himself with gasoline, then calmly touched a match to the hay.

They got him to a hospital, where he lived for eight hours. When conscious, he refused to tell his name. Through charred lips he mumbled that, though no criminal, he had resolved to drop out of life, obliterating every trace of himself.

It looked like a good Crater lead—until the description of the dead man reached New York City. In that description was: "Good set of teeth."

Crater, when he vanished at the age of forty-one, had not a tooth of his own in his head.

Around the same time, the newspapers were full of rumors that Crater had been seen in the desert behind San Diego, where he had become a grizzled prospector. New York police scoffed at this lead from the first. Coast authorities led a searching party, but nothing came of it.

The tip that seemed best of all came, shortly after Crater's disappearance in 1930, from a Pinkerton operative who found a dead man near the track fence at the

Agua Caliente Jockey Club race track in Lower California. The dead man, a suicide, bore a striking resemblance to Crater, even to tailor-made teeth. The Pink op had found him at just about the time Crater would have shown up in Mexico had he fled there.

But this clue—like all since—dribbled out.

What really happened to Judge Crater?

Today, police are willing to eliminate suicide and amnesia. A man cannot kill himself and then hide his body—and Crater's body has never been found. The wanderings of amnesia victims generally wind up in some police station or hospital.

Voluntary disappearance or murder, or the two combined, remain the most likely explanations.

Joseph Crater came to New York from Easton, Pennsylvania, where he had been graduated from Lafayette College. He attended Columbia Law School. From January, 1920, until 1926, he was secretary to Senator Robert F. Wagner, who was then a judge. He taught law at Fordham and New York University. For fifteen years he was president of the Cayuga Democratic Club in the Nineteenth Assembly District of which Martin J. Healy was leader.

Before he ascended the bench, Crater prepared cases for trial. A bad speaker and poor trial lawyer, he excelled in writing briefs, and once was paid \$5,000 for one he wrote overnight.

Crater was not averse to picking up a dollar, and the charge persists, among those who knew him, that he obtained court-calendar preferences for fees of \$200 to \$500, and he used his intimate acquaintance with certain Tammany judges to "fix" cases for much higher fees. The best support for these charges comes from a paragraph in a memorandum left behind by Crater himself when he disappeared.

On April 9, 1930, at the suggestion of Robert Wagner,

Crater was appointed by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt to succeed Supreme Court Justice Joseph M. Proskauer, who resigned.

Judge Wagner had returned to private practice. His law firm, at 120 Broadway, was the firm of Wagner, Quillinan & Rifkind. Francis Quillinan is the son-in-law of Al Smith. Simon Rifkind was friend and attorney to Crater.



The vanished Justice Joseph Force Crater.

New light on a seven-year-old mystery — Is the solution here?

By FRED ALLHOFF

Crater occupied an office in the suite used by the firm of Wagner, Quillinan & Rifkind. He rented the office. He was not a member of the firm.

To succeed himself as Supreme Court justice—a life-long ambition—he needed nomination in the fall of 1930. There are two versions. One has it that he would have received the nomination. The other, reputedly an inside version, is that he knew he was not to get it. Winning the job meant fourteen years of steady work at \$22,500 a year.

Broadway knew Joseph Crater as an amiable well dressed fellow, six feet tall, who had an extraordinarily long neck which he concealed with tall collars. The top of his skull was strangely narrower than his jowls, and over thinning brown, gray-streaked hair, parted in the middle, he wore his hat at a rakish angle. He had brown eyes with puffed lower lids.

He was close of mouth and money, drank little, liked to sit with chorus girls at the Club Abbey, owned by Owney Madden, one of Manhattan's outstanding ex-convicts. He was not too chary in his selection of girl friends, for clinic and police reports reveal that one of them had a distressing ailment. Another with whom he was quite intimate proved to be a close friend of Polly Adler, Manhattan's Number One vice proprietress of the period.

Crater's wife—her maiden name was Stella M. Wheeler—had married him in 1917, one week after obtaining her divorce from her first husband, a printer. There were no children. At the time of her husband's disappearance Mrs. Crater was living in their summer cottage in Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

The month of July, 1930, was a vacation period. Crater's Supreme Court duties were to be resumed on August 25. Late in July, with two cronies, he spent a week-end at Atlantic City. Three chorus girls were their companions. Crater's health was good, though one day he declined to go in swimming because of a pain near his heart. While in Atlantic City he attended a show called Dancing Partner.

He returned to New York and went to Belgrade Lakes to join Mrs. Crater. On the evening of Sunday, August 3, he left his summer cottage and was driven to the railroad station by Fred Kahler, his chauffeur. He took a train to New York. He was seen about New York on August 4 and 5, apparently in good health and spirits.

On August 6, the day of his disappearance, Crater's movements were as follows:

In the morning he appeared at the Supreme Court Building, where he stripped his chambers of every scrap of personal paper. Some of his papers and notes he tore up and tossed into a wastebasket. The rest he packed into two briefcases and six cardboard portfolios.

AFTER packing these personal papers, Judge Crater, with his court attendant, Joseph Mara, went to Crater's apartment on the fourth floor of 40 Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square. They went in a taxicab, and newspapers later quoted Mara as saying that Judge Crater had behaved as if nervous and apprehensive. Police are inclined to view lightly this story of nervousness, for later actions of Crater exhibited none of it. At the apartment, he dismissed Mara with the words:

"See you tomorrow, Joe. I think I'll go swimming up Westchester way this afternoon."

Whether he did or not, no one knows. No one has been found who saw him between the time he left Mara and 6.15 that evening, when he appeared at the Arrow Ticket Agency on Broadway, looked up his friend, Joseph Gansky, ticket broker, and requested a single ticket for a show on Broadway. The show was Dancing Partner, which Crater had seen in Atlantic City. Gansky had no ticket at the time, but promised to leave one in Crater's name at the box office.

The ticket was called for that night and used. But whether Crater or some one else used it is not known.

Some time after 6.30, Crater walked into the restaurant of Billy Haas in the 300 block on West Forty-fifth Street. William Klein, attorney for the Shuberts, producers, was dining there with a pretty chorus girl, Sally Ritz. Crater knew both and joined them at their table.

Conversation was casual. Crater seemed neither depressed nor nervous. He drank only one cordial. He did not leave with Klein and Miss Ritz until 9.10—half an hour after curtain time of Dancing Partner.

He chatted with his friends for a few minutes outside the restaurant. Then, as Klein and Miss Ritz started to walk east toward Eighth Avenue, Crater walked to the curb and stepped into a tan taxi, which went west toward Ninth Avenue.

No one has been found, in the seven years since that night, who has ever seen Judge Crater again.

The man who drove that tan taxi was never found.

Crater was expected to return to Maine on August 7 or 8. When he had not returned by August 9, his wife took alarm and instituted inquiries among his various New York associates. None had seen him. Mrs. Crater sent Fred Kahler to New York to look for him.

Kahler was assured by some of Crater's friends that the judge was "around town somewhere." This they explained later as a mere attempt to avert any possible notoriety or scandal that might affect his impending campaign. The explanation was logical, for those who knew Crater well assumed that he was off somewhere, for the time being, on an extramarital bat.

HOWEVER, when he did not take his place on the bench when court resumed, August 25, genuine alarm was felt. Friends now conducted a quiet investigation. A private detective attempted to trace him. A friend of his, a detective on the New York police force, did some quiet sleuthing. But these measures were not enough, and on September 4, 1930, the New York Police Department's Missing Persons Bureau was notified directly and confidentially by Simon Rifkind of the Wagner law firm.

Police promptly went to work on a trail that had had a month to cool. Working on it were Detectives Edward Fitzgerald, Martin Owens, Hugh Sheridan, Leo Lowenthal, William F. King, and Jacob von Weisenstein. The two last named are still assigned to the case.

Early days of the investigation kept the detectives breathless as they looked up Crater's numerous girl friends. Elaine Dawn, a Show Boat charmer and more recently an entertainer at the Club Abbey hot spot, knew nothing of his disappearance. Neither did Marie Miller, a Polish chorus girl he had met in Atlantic City.

Connie Marcus, a cloak model living in a swanky hotel, had been an intimate friend of the judge for seven years. Police learned that Crater had helped her obtain a divorce, seven years before, from her husband, who was then in a federal penitentiary.

Miss Marcus denied that Judge Crater had paid her rent, but admitted that he had given her monthly gifts of eighty to ninety dollars. She could throw no light on where he had gone.

If Crater had disappeared voluntarily, he had confided in none of the women he admired. Nor had he breathed a word to any one else whom police could find.

Yet it seemed obvious that he had planned his disappearance. On August 1 he had tried to borrow \$3,000 from a fellow judge. A few days earlier he had sold \$16,000 worth of securities. And on the morning of August 6, after destroying all his personal papers except those packed in briefcases and portfolios, he had sent Joseph Mara out to cash a check for \$3,000 and another for \$2,150. Mara was told to get bills of large denomination, and five that he brought back were \$1,000 bills.

The original police report of Crater's disappearance shows that police, as quickly as they could locate it, made a most thorough search of his apartment at 40 Fifth Avenue. It proved as bare of clues as his judicial chambers. They did find a number of snapshots of him, and obtained an excellent likeness of him from a large framed photograph.

In a closet they found two briefcases, later identified by Mara as those Crater had used. Both were empty now.

A check of telephone toll calls revealed nothing. Mrs. Crater was the only person besides her husband known to have a key to the apartment—excepting, of course, the superintendent.



During the first police search, Sergeant Hugh Sheridan, inspecting a dresser in the bedroom of Judge and Mrs. Crater, opened the top center drawer and found nothing in it except some clothing, a man's scarf, a small box, a broken key, and a fan. It was an extremely hot day and Sergeant Sheridan automatically took out the fan and fanned himself with it for a few moments.

On September 8, Mrs. Crater sent Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney the following statement:

The strange disappearance of my husband, Joseph Force Crater, which I am at an utter loss to explain, forces me to request the Police Department of New York to aid in the search, and I hereby request that you do anything in your power to solve this mysterious affair. Needless to say, your department will have every co-operation from me, and your department may call upon me at any time you feel I can be of assistance.

Mrs. Crater did not, however, visit New York until January, 1931, when an incident occurred which remains unexplained.

On January 21, Sergeant Sheridan and Detectives Owens and Lowenthal went to the Fifth Avenue apartment. Mrs. Crater asked that only one detective interview her, and Owens undertook it. She told him that upon her return from Maine two days before, while unpacking, she had opened the top center drawer of the dresser and had come across an envelope, a large sum of money, and a black wallet. The money totaled \$6,690 in currency consisting of one \$1,000 bill, one \$500 bill, and fifties and tens. She had found a check for \$500 from Francis Quillinan, endorsed by Crater, and two small dividend checks—all dated prior to August 6, 1930.

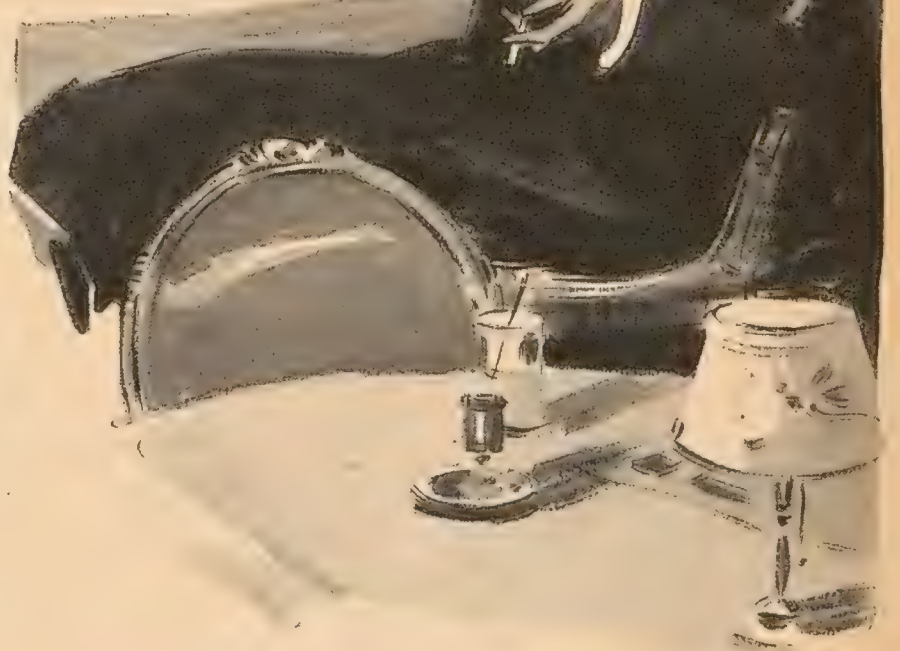
SECURITIES found in the wallet represented about 200 shares of stock. There were four life-insurance policies, a will, deed to the Crater camp at Belgrade Lakes, and the lease for the Fifth Avenue apartment—a co-operative apartment. The wallet also contained Crater's bankbooks, showing five bank accounts totaling approximately \$12,000.

Most significant of all was an undated memorandum in a manila envelope addressed simply to "S. M. W."—initials of Mrs. Crater's maiden name. The memorandum consisted of three pages of notations listing persons who, Crater claimed in his rapid scrawl, owed him money, with partial explanations of the circumstances.

Detective Owens got Mrs. Crater's permission to call Detective Lowenthal and Sergeant Sheridan into the room. When Sheridan came in, Owens pointed to the dresser drawer and asked the sergeant if he remembered searching it, and if so, what, to his recollection, it had contained.

Sergeant Sheridan recalled the fan incident and told of the other things he had found in the drawer. It was at once opened, and these articles were still in it.

There are only a few sensible explanations of how the money, papers, and memorandum could have come into the dresser drawer between the time Mrs. Crater found them (in January, 1931) and the time when police searched the apartment (in September, 1930).



He liked to sit with chorus girls at the Club Abbey.

It is not logical to assume that Judge Crater returned during that period and put the articles in the drawer. Some one close to him, however, might have done so—and that was what Mrs. Crater said she thought must have happened.

As for the memorandum, it was headed, *Confidential*. It contained only one personal touch, near the end: "Am very weary. Love. Joe." Under that was the added precaution: "This is all confidential."

Some of the persons listed in that memo publicly acknowledged the debts listed for Mrs. Crater's benefit; others denied that their debts existed.

One paragraph of the memorandum read:

Libby Hotel—there will be a large sum for my commissions when accounts are passed. Leo Frankentaler is my attorney.

When the Libby (or Libby's) Hotel had gone into receivership, Judge Crater had been appointed receiver. This paragraph was strictly accurate. For his services in the matter a large sum was due him. The sum later awarded was \$10,286.

It was the next paragraph that posed a question which today remains inexplicable. It read:

Libby Hotel—there will be a very large sum due me for services when city pays the 2¾ million in condemnation. Martin Lippman will attend to it—keep in touch with him.

Crater had acted as receiver for the hotel from February, 1929, to June, 1929, when the American Bond & Mortgage Co. bought in the property. His receivership had ended *before* a condemnation award had been made for the property in 1930.

There was absolutely no known service of any kind rendered by Crater in the condemnation proceedings, and no legitimate service which he *could* have performed for the "very large sum" that he wrote was due him.

It can only be assumed that somewhere along the line Crater put in a fix for somebody interested in having the

ground on which the Libby Hotel stood condemned.

Martin Lippman, attorney for the American Bond & Mortgage Co., disclaimed any understanding of the paragraph. He said that Crater had nothing to do with the condemnation proceedings and could, therefore, have no money coming to him.

A straight revelation of the facts in the Libby Hotel matter offers more food for thought than perhaps any other phase of the activities that preceded Justice Crater's disappearance.

Police were told, before the private memo was found, that a connection might well exist between Crater's absence and the Libby Hotel mess. Yet it was a difficult thing to investigate, and they did not completely pierce it. Perhaps the readers of Liberty will find in it a possible solution of the mystery.

The Libby Hotel was, per cubic foot, the most expensive ever erected in New York. Henry H. Klein, attorney, protesting the condemnation award, showed that it was bought in by the city at \$1.61 per cubic foot—more than the construction cost of such great hotels as the new Waldorf-Astoria and the Hotel New Yorker. It was located in the heart of New York's impoverished lower East Side.

It began as the dream of one man—Max Bernstein, son of a Jewish restaurateur. For his people, he dreamed of an all-Jewish hotel. In 1924 he began making his dream come true. Street-stand merchants and scrub-women gave him money they had saved penny by penny. Thirty-five hundred of them chipped in. All eventually lost practically every cent of their savings, a total of \$350,000.

Meanwhile, Bernstein found that this was not enough. He arranged a first-mortgage loan of \$1,500,000 with the American Bond & Mortgage Co. While that organization sold \$1,500,000 worth of bonds, it advanced Bernstein only \$975,000. It pocketed the difference, \$525,000, as bonus money and financing expenses.

Charles C. Moore, then vice-president of the American Bond & Mortgage Co., was a trustee, insuring—in the event of foreclosure—that the company would remain in control of the property.

Bernstein, giving a second mortgage of \$300,000 to builders and those who furnished his hotel, finally completed it early in 1926. It quickly proved a poorly placed if magnificent white elephant. On February 2, 1929, Bernstein was behind in taxes and unable to meet principal payments on the first of the maturing mortgage bonds. The trustees filed suit to foreclose.

Bondholders, high-pressured into purchasing 7-per-cent Libby Hotel bonds, could now be high-pressured into selling them back for ten cents on the dollar and up.

It was at this point that Joseph Crater was appointed receiver of rents, and Francis Quillinan of 120 Broadway, where Crater had his office, was appointed referee. Moore, of course, was a trustee.

Sale of the property was ordered for June 21, 1929.

And now the ill-fated Libby Hotel became the core of still another dream—a philanthropic dream. A movement got mysteriously on foot to condemn a strip of land from Houston to Canal streets, which, oddly enough, took in the very lot on which the hotel stood. The newspapers were full of whoop-la. The civic clubs held banquets. On this strip of land buildings were to be torn down—most of them squalid tenements—and clean, wholesome housing for the poor was to be erected.

The sale of the foreclosed hotel was duly held. There was only one bidder—Mary J. Lyons. She bid in the property for \$75,000; got it without putting up a cent of cash, since it was subject to mortgages and taxes. She was a stenographer in a law firm. The law firm represented the Moores. The Moores controlled the American Bond & Mortgage Co. Everything stayed in the family.

The assessed valuation of the hotel for 1929 had been \$1,330,000. As condemnation proceedings began, the Moore attorneys placed its value at three to four millions. The city experts placed it at \$2,250,000. Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook agreed to a compromise award whereby the city would pay \$2,850,000. This, despite opposition, went through.

All of which brought some one a profit that, it seems reasonable to believe, was more than \$2,000,000.

Thus, if Joseph Crater actually had a finger in the condemnation proceedings, it is reasonable to believe that "a very large sum" was due him.

What his services were or how large his fee was—if services or fee existed—no one can say. It is conceivable that he expected from \$100,000 to \$500,000.

It is strange that Crater should be linked to the Moores, for in that dizzy financial period they were maneuverers in whose wake followed tragedies.

William J. Moore was president of the ill-starred American Bond & Mortgage Co. A son, Harold A. Moore, was secretary and treasurer; another son, Kenneth W. Moore, was assistant treasurer. Charles C. Moore, trustee in the Libby Hotel financing, was a stepson.

The Moores financed hotels and expensive buildings from one end of the country to the other and eventually seized control of them. They seized the \$10,000,000 marble Mayflower Hotel in Washington. They seized the \$5,000,000 White Hall Hotel at Palm Beach, where Judge Amadeo Bertini, close personal friend of Judge Crater, died some time after Crater's disappearance. They seized the \$5,000,000 Leverich Towers in Brooklyn, and its original owner, Augustus Leverich, killed himself.

At the seized hotel they lavishly entertained any one with influence. They moved a group of chorus girls about the country to spice their private entertaining.

Associated with the Moores were men from every station in life. Charles Curtis, who became Vice-President of the United States, was installed in an eleven-room suite in Washington's Moore-controlled Mayflower Hotel. The suite once cost Harry F. Sinclair, wealthy oil man, \$150 a day. Curtis occupied it for \$5.53 a day.

Incidentally, while Curtis was in the early stages of his "Curtis for President" campaign conducted from the Mayflower, one of his ablest young campaign assistants was Al Gross, an ex-convict who in 1910 was put away for taking a whack at a jewelry salesman's head with a blackjack. Gross had found a female decoy handy in that little venture. Since then he had risen rapidly. And shortly before Justice Crater disappeared and while he was occupying an office in the law suite of Senator Robert Wagner, Al Gross stormed into the place one day, angrily accused Crater of "costing" him a million dollars in some nameless deal, and threatened him with ruination.

Supreme Court Justice Crater, then, was in a position—if he didn't worry about the shade of it—to make big money and make it fast.

Even as he disappeared, outraged investors who had seen their life savings slip away were setting up a hue and cry all over America against the Moore ring.

In 1931 the Moores were indicted in Pittsburgh, Boston, and New York. The New York indictments still stand.

In Pittsburgh, William, Harold, Kenneth, and Charles Moore were convicted. They won a new trial early in 1932. The new trial has never been held and not one of them seems to have actually served time. The American Bond & Mortgage Co. plopped into receivership.

And what happened to Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater?

Did he desert the wife of thirteen years and the girl friend of seven to run away with some new flame?

Did the Seabury probe into magistrates' courts, then in swing, threaten some impending disclosure?

Did enemies engineer his voluntary disappearance, through some female, and then murder him?

Or did he make his stake and—"very weary," as he wrote—decide to get away from it all?

That he made his stake—and a healthy one—seems reasonable, for after his disappearance authorities located a joint lockbox held by Crater and his wife. Perhaps it had once contained a fortune, but when opened it proved empty. Bank records disclosed that Mrs. Crater had never gone to the box.

Murder or voluntary disappearance?

Both theories are tenable. Not a whit of added proof can be adduced for either.

THE END

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

Reading Time:

5 Minutes 36 Seconds

ARE you ambitious? Do you have desires that seem unattainable? Well, today offers more opportunity for success and happiness than the past ever did—and YOUR future depends largely on one thing. *Your ability to adapt yourself to the modern social order.* These are no longer days when mere energy and willingness to work are enough. The man or woman who is climbing fastest is the one whose personality and capabilities are best suited to his job. There is no room for misfits.

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Young people can discover *why* they sit at home alone while others are out having a good time.

Psychologists have found that the six personality traits most vital to good adjustment, for success in business or in family life, are:

- 1—Your Emotional Stability
- 2—Your Degree of Self-Sufficiency
- 3—Your Introversion, Ambiversion, or Extroversion
- 4—Your Power to Dominate People and Circumstances
- 5—Your Degree of Self-Confidence
- 6—Your Social Adaptability

An accurate knowledge of how you rate

- Do you squabble with your husband or wife?
- Do you think your job should be better?
- Do you feel your salary is too low?
- Do you feel inferior to friends and associates?
- Do you fear to undertake the responsibility of marriage?
- Do you withdraw into a shell at parties?
- Do you have trouble in making your children obey?
- Do you fear responsibility?
- Do you feel worried, nervous or neglected?
- Do friends and relatives get on your nerves?
- Do you have any personality defects that are interfering with your progress?

*If So, Read Every Word Of This.
It May Be The Turning Point In
Your Career; Changing Chaos Into
Order; Misery Into Happiness.*

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ceived this helpful advice, **ACT ON IT**, and make the most of your potentialities and of your life.

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Do you enjoy parties?



Do you squabble?



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Name

Address

State

City

Occupation

Age

Sex

CAN BASEBALL REBELS MAKE GOOD?



BY RABBIT
MARANVILLE

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PAT MALONE, portly pitcher of the New York Yankees, was walking across the field after the final game of the World Series last fall when I caught up with him.

"I guess it was a tough break for me when I got thrown out of the National League and decided to change my ways," said Pat.

"Me too," I replied.

For Pat and I had much in common. Pat had been waived out of the National League when no other club wanted him because of his well known off-the-field escapades. So had I. Both of us had reformed—and both of us had come back to win new laurels.

Pat had just contributed most of the pitching that had put the Yankees into the biggest-money World Series in baseball history. I had come back to put the St. Louis Cardinals into another World Series and establish an all-time National League record for active service.

When I resigned my temporary position as manager of the Chicago National League club on September 3, 1925, it was because I realized that the job had put me on the spot. I couldn't assume the role of a martinet now that I was in command, when I had been the wildest of playboys as a private in the ranks.

At the end of that season the Cubs asked for waivers and Brooklyn claimed me. Even that failed to bring me to my senses. I played in only about half the games for Brooklyn in 1926, preferring to continue my playboy antics. At the end of that season Brooklyn released me outright. I was out of a job.

That winter I signed as a free agent with the Rochester club of the International League—a derelict of rowdy baseball on his way out. It wasn't a happy thought. I knew I was still capable of playing good big-league baseball—but down in my heart I also began to realize that no big-league ball club would have me because of my conduct.

They say, "They never come back." That's a lie—the alibi of those who can't stand the gaff to fight their way back. Here was I, discarded by every big-league ball club and back in the minors at the advanced age of thirty-five after fifteen years in the big leagues. Few ballplayers have ever come back to the big leagues as active players after having been sent to the minors at that advanced age. If I could come back, anybody can come back. If I have done nothing else during my career as a ballplayer, I think I have proved that.

But don't think it wasn't a fight. I had my troubles—up there in Rochester. Many a night I sat alone in my room fighting the hardest battle of my life. Maybe that made me even more determined than ever to put into my game everything I had left.

That summer, I was told, big-league scouts got to reporting to their home offices that the best infielder anywhere in the minor leagues was Rabbit Maranville of the Rochester club. The invariable reply the scouts received was a wire to this effect: "Don't want Maranville. He is thirty-five years old and a bad actor."

Then, suddenly, I got a break. The St. Louis club was

A veteran of the "rowdy years" tells his own story and points the moral

roaring into the stretch in a three-cornered dogfight with the Cubs and Pirates for the National League pennant—and losing a lot of important ball games because of a weakness at shortstop. Branch Rickey, general manager of the Cardinals, sent for me.

I joined the St. Louis Cardinals, and played my first game with them in Pittsburgh on September 2, 1927—so the string of consecutive years in which I played in the big leagues remained unbroken.

I played in five consecutive games, and had thirty-one chances without an error, and started several double plays, grabbing chances all over the infield that had previously been going through for base hits. I was just as fast and covered as much ground as I ever had done. I seemed to be the answer to Branch Rickey's prayers. Then, on Labor Day out in Chicago, misfortune caught up with me.

Racing into center field after a short Texas Leaguer, I collided with Ernie Orsatti, and went to the hospital for the next twenty-three games. I had accepted forty-six chances without the semblance of an error since coming back into big-league baseball. But the games lost by base hits going through the infield during those twenty-three days I lay in the hospital permitted the Pirates to win the pennant by the meager margin of two games over the Cardinals.

The following year, 1928, we won the pennant, and I got into the World Series with the Yankees fourteen years after I had played an important part in another World Series—the only player in the history of baseball, except Babe Ruth, who has played in two World Series fourteen years apart.

Before the 1929 season opened the Cardinals completed a deal that took me back to my old big-league home—the Boston Braves.

Even at the age of forty-two they had to break my leg to get me out of there. That happened in 1934. I was still on crutches when that season ended—but when the 1935 season opened it was old Rabbit Maranville, in his forty-third year and on a gimpy leg, who was the regular second baseman of the Boston National League club.

But the leg wouldn't hold up under the strain of playing every day—and at the end of the 1935 season I asked for and received my unconditional release, so I could manage a minor-league club.

I was leaving the big leagues honorably this time, after twenty-four years as a big-league ballplayer—an all-time record for the National League.

As playing manager of the Elmira team in the New York-Pennsylvania League last year, I played in 123 games and hit for an official batting average of .326.

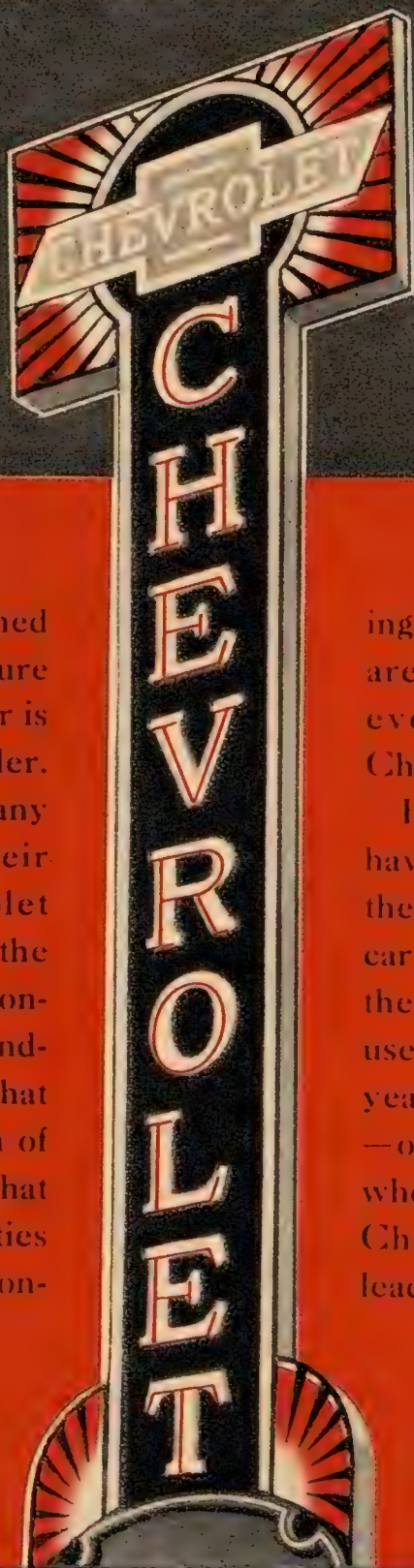
During the winter I signed to manage the Montreal club in the International League this year.

I expect some day to manage a big-league ball club. When I do, I'd like to see some sucker who plays for me try to get away with some of the escapades I was guilty of in my wild and reckless years—then I'll show you a ballplayer, if he can be induced to apply that audacity and reckless fighting spirit to his ball playing, and he'll find me a tough egg to deal with if he doesn't.

THE END

You know

THE BEST WAY TO GET A RELIABLE USED
CAR IS TO SEE A RELIABLE MERCHANT
See Your CHEVROLET DEALER First



MOTORISTS have learned that the way to be sure of getting a reliable used car is to buy from a reliable dealer. That is the reason so many millions have bought their used cars from Chevrolet dealers. They know that the Chevrolet dealer is a responsible merchant of high standing in his community—that he has the widest selection of trade-in cars for resale—that he has complete shop facilities for the thorough recondition-

ing by which good used cars are made better. In short, everyone knows that the Chevrolet dealer is *reliable*.

How well Chevrolet dealers have succeeded in establishing themselves as reliable used car merchants is evident in the constant increase in their used car sales—2,000,000 last year. Only *buyer satisfaction*—on the part of other millions who have already bought from Chevrolet dealers—could lead to such *buyer confidence*.

BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

1934

1,160,231

People bought Used Cars from Chevrolet
Dealers in the United States

1935

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People bought Used Cars from Chevrolet
Dealers in the United States

1936

2,019,839

People bought Used Cars from Chevrolet
Dealers in the United States

A Lion

AMONG LADIES

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

YOU have to know how to handle them—that's the answer," said Dandy Sanderson. "'Love 'em and leave 'em!' That's me."

He lifted his left hand, flicked the ash off his cigarette. He did not lift his right hand because it was handcuffed to the left wrist of Mr. Slips McGuire, his seatmate in the locked Pullman drawing room. The train had just pulled out of the station in a little northern Maine town.

Dandy Sanderson's career as a lone stick-up man had recently been interrupted for the first time. Slips McGuire in his chosen profession was as famous for his many mistakes as Dandy for his successes.

Inspector Paulsen, facing them from the opposite seat, listened.

Dandy continued. "They're all alike! Tell them what they want to hear, and they'll believe it and eat out of your hand."

"They're too tough for me," the inspector admitted wistfully. "I never can think of anything to say."

"There was a little Cuban girl in Havana," Dandy remembered, and chuckled. "Her father owned a sugar plantation, and I called her my sugar baby. I've still got her picture."

On a wet night rails are slippery. This was a wet night, a steep grade, and the train was laboring. Sanderson reached into his pocket, fumbled, and held a snapshot toward the inspector.

The inspector started to lean forward. That was a mistake. Slips McGuire had in his time been a welter-weight of some renown. His right caught Paulsen's chin—

Spruce forest walled the track on both sides, and there was no one outside to see, when presently the drawing-room window opened; no one to see the feet and then the legs and then the body of a man emerge from that window, hang an instant against the side of the car, and then drop and roll into the grassy ditch beside the track. Nor to see a second man thus follow the first. . . . The train rolled on.

"I wish the blasted cop had had a gun on him. We might need one," said Slips.

"No guns. Killing's not my line. He had the key to the cuffs. Be satisfied."

They trudged down the track. Sanderson said: "Well, give me credit, McGuire. I pulled it off. I tell the cop about the little girl in Havana, and while he's goggling at her picture, you nail him. I tell you, women pay off both ways."

They came at last to the lake shore, turned north, and presently the black bulk of a log cabin close beside the water appeared before them.

Inside, they found woods clothes; changed into them. But there was no food.

The next cabin was likewise designed only for sleeping. But a third was larger, with a wharf and boathouse below it. Sanderson broke a window in the boathouse and, climbing in, saw a small open motorboat in the slip.

"Here's luck, McGuire," he reported. "We can ride up



Her searchlight held them pin

the lake in this, break our trail, and save ourselves a lot of walking."

"Who's going to run it?"

"I am."

"Ever run one, did you?"

"Sure," said Dandy, and laughed. "Man, quit worrying!"

"To hear you talk, you'd think you never made a mistake. How did a guy as smart as you ever trip up, anyway?"

Sanderson, busy in the boat, ignored the question. There was not much gas; but from the storage tank on the wharf they replenished the supply.

Then Dandy opened the doors that closed the slip and, fumbling in the darkness, prepared to start the engine.

"How about grub?" McGuire reminded him.

"Go take a look in the cabin."

McGuire went out on the wharf; but then he called in low tones:

"Hey, car coming!"

The two men slid into the cover of the wood and around

By

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



that its ray was like the spoke of a wheel of which they were the hub.

behind the cabin. The car stopped; its occupants alighted, scuttled indoors.

"Two men," Dandy whispered. "Can you handle them?"

"One at a time! But what about the two dames?"

"Leave them to me! They're my dish."

Celia Twining was a lovely creature, with a delicate fragility about her. It was easy to think of her as helpless and dependent; and Bob Twining so thought of her, even though she drove a car or a fast motorboat in a way to make his hair stand on end, and beat him at tennis, and gave him a fight at golf.

Pat and Ann Rutherford had driven up with them for this September week-end in Maine. They came up through showers, and stopped at dusk in the town at the foot of the lake to stock up with groceries. Rain still fell in a steady sluicing fashion, so while Bob and Pat went into the store, Celia and Ann stayed in the car.

There were in the store a dozen men, talking excitedly about the desperate criminals who had escaped from the westbound train three hours before. Before they re-

turned to the car, Bob warned Pat Rutherford: "Don't tell Celia. It would scare her into a fit! She'd insist on going home!"

He was quite sincere in this belief.

So Pat held his tongue; and they took the rough road northward along the lake, floundering and sliding.

The Twining summer place, a big rambling house with two or three smaller cabins, was deserted. Old Jeff Dial, the caretaker, lived down the lake two or three miles.

When Bob had unlocked the door and lighted lamps, he set a quick fire in the kitchen stove and on the hearth. The men fetched the provisions and luggage and the rifles from the car. Then Celia began supper.

Bob lighted the last fire. "Now, Pat, you shake up the cocktails. There's ice in the refrigerator. I had Jeff Dial fill it this morning. I'll put the car in the shed."

He went out into the rain. Pat shook up the cocktails and poured them. Celia turned the steak.

"What's Bob doing all this time?" she asked, when she was ready to serve.

"I'll go see if he needs any help," Pat decided.

Outside, they heard him call: "Bob?" And a moment later, a little farther off: "Hey, Bob!"

Celia carved, and she and Ann carried the heaped plates to the table in the other room.

"Good evening!" said some one behind them.

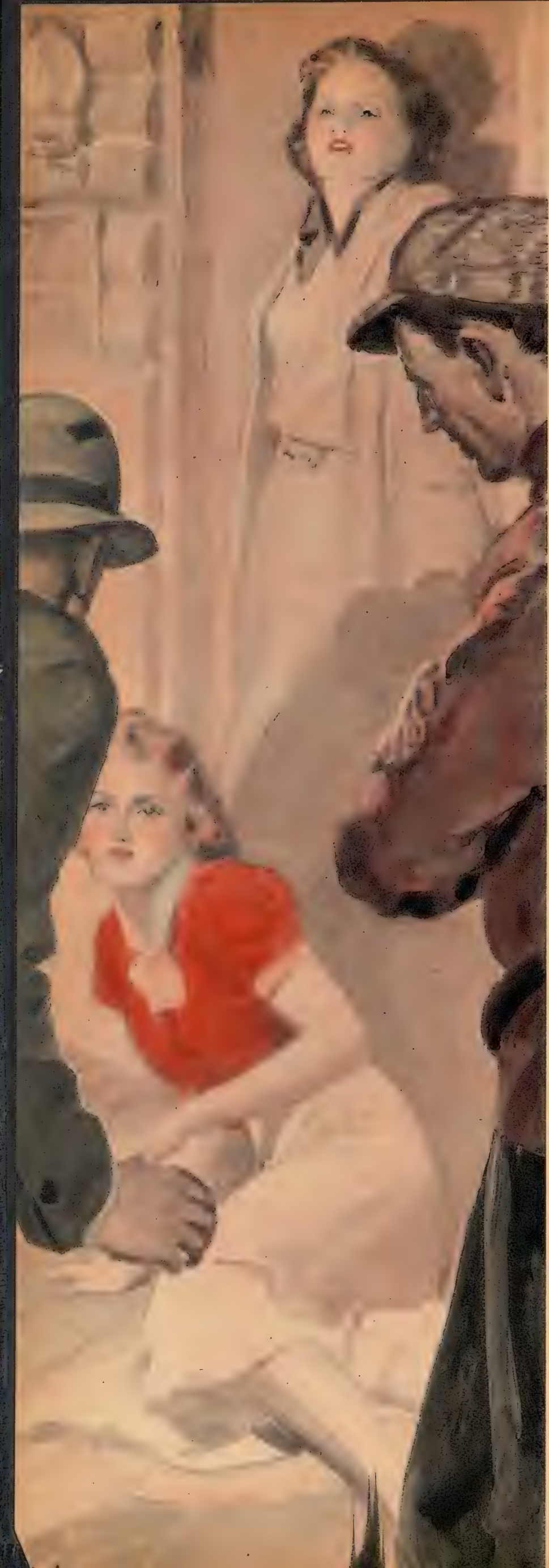
Ann whirled and saw, in the kitchen door, two men. Two strange men! She said sharply:

"What are you doing here? This is a private camp!"

Celia had shrunk aside, pale with terror.

"My name is Sanderson," said one of the men. "This

"A lion among ladies," said the Bard of Avon, "is a most dreadful thing." Here's an exciting story to prove it!



is Mr. McGuire. Your husbands are taking a little nap in the garage."

Ann uttered a cry and darted toward the door. But McGuire met her, thrust her back into the living room again so strongly that she fell, hurt and shaken.

Sanderson said curtly: "Easy, McGuire." He spoke with calm courtesy. "My dear young ladies, your husbands are all right, and you won't be hurt if you behave yourselves."

Ann saw the telephone and leaped that way; but he said firmly: "Oh, we tore down a length of wire." He caught her arms, thrust her down on the couch against the wall. He held her, face down, while he tied her wrists securely behind her back with his handkerchief.

"Too tight?" he asked, in polite solicitude.

Ann, as his grasp relaxed and he released her, whirled to her feet and bit at his hand. He struck her away so that she fell back on the couch again.

Lightning flashed outside and thunder was quick on its heels in a smashing detonation. Celia screamed pitifully: "I want Bob!"

"There, there!" said Sanderson. "If you're a nice little girl, I won't even tie your hands."

Celia said, in pleased gratitude: "Why, you're not very awful, are you? You're really a sort of gentleman!"

McGuire had discovered the cocktails and was in more genial mood. Dandy winked at him triumphantly, and McGuire poured a cocktail for him. Ann had worked one hand free. Their backs were for a moment turned to her, but McGuire swung around in time.

DUCK!" he cried. Sanderson ducked, and McGuire sprang past him to wrench the billet of stovewood from Ann's hand, to pin her hard. Celia screamed. Sanderson said curtly:

"All right, if you want it rough. Hold her, McGuire. I saw a coil of rope in the shed."

Ann fought in a silent rage. McGuire said harshly: "Stop it before I bop you one."

Then Sanderson returned. Ann kicked and twisted and screamed till Sanderson picked up an old golf ball from the table, forced her mouth open, thrust the ball in and knotted her own scarf around her face to hold it there. Then, with McGuire helping, he forced her into a heavy chair and tied her up there.

McGuire turned to Celia, cowering against the wall. He started toward her, and she cried:

"Oh, please, don't let him!"

Sanderson said crisply: "Never mind her, McGuire, as long as she keeps still." And he added: "We might as well eat. Supper's all cooked for us."

He and McGuire turned their attention to the table. Ann, through the gag, made sounds of wrath and pain.

"You might as well take it easy," Sanderson urged. "Why not be sensible, like your friend there? You can't phone, and I smashed the headlights on the car so that you can't drive out tonight, but I left the keys so you'll be able to use it in the morning. A couple of hours' start is all we want." He finished and rose.

McGuire called, from the bedroom: "Here's luck! Two rifles!"

"We don't want them," Sanderson directed, collecting food. "If we're caught, it's not going to be for murder. I don't want to hang."

"These Janes might pot us as we leave."

Sanderson said, almost impatiently: "You're not afraid of a couple of women, are you?"

"Say, dames have got me into plenty trouble," McGuire retorted. "Sure I am. A Jane can point a rifle, and pull a trigger too, easy as a man."

Sanderson laughed. "These young ladies don't know which end of a gun is which." He made a concession. "But if you're nervous, take the guns along. We may be able to bluff our way out of a tight spot with them, even if they're empty. But no shells."

McGuire departed with his load. Sanderson turned to Celia. "Forgive me," he said. "But you must appreciate our position. Now that we are (Continued on page 30)

McGuire met her and thrust her back again so strongly that she fell to the floor, shaken.

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(Continued from page 28) leaving, I shall have to tie you up so that you can't interfere."

"Oh, I won't! I won't!" Celia promised. "You've been so kind. Surely you wouldn't spoil it all now? Really, I hope you do get away."

He hesitated. "I'll tell you," he decided. "I'll tie you so you can get free easily. Only, you must pretend to be helpless while my friend is here."

When McGuire presently returned, it was to see Celia fast in another chair, trussed as Ann was, but not gagged. He said morosely: "Going to be a wet ride, Dandy!"

"There are oilskins in the duffel bag," Celia told him eagerly. "You'd better take them."

Sanderson nodded. "Thank you. Find them, McGuire, while I get the engine started."

He departed. McGuire dug out the oilskins; and while he waited, he looked from Celia, shrinking under his eyes, to the blazing Ann, who glared at him furiously.

The engine in the boathouse caught and roared. A moment later Sanderson appeared in the door.

"Ready," he said. "Come on."

McGuire argued: "Say, these dames are apt to wiggle loose and start something. I'll give 'em each a little tap on the button so they can't."

"They can't get loose. Now move!" Sanderson thrust McGuire outside, smiled reassuringly at Celia, disappeared.

After they had gone there was a blinding flash outside, and a ripping explosion which deafened them, and a sulphurous smell in the air.

"That one struck the boathouse!" Celia gasped breathlessly. The motorboat departed; the sound of its going faded. Celia slipped her hands free. She leaned down to loose the rope that secured her ankles, ran for a knife to release Ann. Outside, a flickering glare showed through the rain.

"The boathouse is on fire!" Celia panted. Ann tore off the scarf, spat out the golf ball, and, now that the danger was past, burst into tears. But Celia cried: "They'll get away! Come on!"

With Ann weeping at her heels, she ran through mud and rain to the shed where the car was housed; found Bob and Pat there, trussed and unconscious.

"Pat! Pat darling!" Ann wailed. "Are you hurt?"

Celia shook Bob hard. "Bob!" she screamed. "Wake up! They're getting away!" Then she dropped him. "He's out cold!" she exclaimed disgustedly, and instantly jumped into the car and trod on the starter. The engine caught. She backed out of the shed.

"Celia, where are you going?" Ann cried.

"After them!" said Celia hotly.

The car leaped ahead, grazed a tree, rebounded, and went on. Ann stared after it, too astonished to move.

FLAMES shed some light even in the forest, and lightning gave at brief intervals a photographic picture of the nearer scene. Celia, even without headlights, saw the road, and somehow held to it. She turned northward toward the big house; but halfway there, in an interval of darkness between lightning flashes, she crashed heavily into a great tree and the engine died.

She jumped out into the rain. Lurching and sliding in the mud, she ran on. It was a long quarter mile from the cabin to the big house.

The motorboat these men had taken was a slow craft, useful only for fishing; but at the big house a fast runabout was housed. Celia, as she approached, picked up a rock. She ran up on the veranda and smashed a window-pane. The sharp edge gashed her arm, but she scarce felt this wound.

There was a shotgun on the antlers above the mantel; but she could find no shells, so she threw the gun aside. She snatched the boathouse key and raced down to the wharf. A moment's fumbling with the lock on the door, with the lights and the ignition on the boat. Then the great engine roared.

Celia pulled the reverse lever hard back. The mooring

cleats ripped off with a crackle of broken wood. The boat's stern hit the closed doors, burst them open. They scraped, splintering, along the gunwales. She backed at full throttle till she was well clear; then jammed the gear lever hard forward. The great craft leaped ahead so viciously that Celia's neck seemed to snap.

The runabout, throttle wide open, warming to its task, worked up to its full forty miles of speed. The rain stabbed Celia's face like lances, and she cowered below the windshield and found the searchlight button, pressed it on. She swung the boat in little curves from side to side, watched the beam of light as it swept across the water.

It was a lightning flash which at last revealed the other craft. Celia pulled the wheel hard down, caught the smaller boat remotely in the searchlight, and, swerving erratically from side to side like a halfback in an open field, raced toward it.



BEN AMES WILLIAMS

started to write soon after his graduation from Dartmouth in 1910, while he held down a newspaper job in Boston. He sold his first story in 1914—and has been selling novels and short fiction ever since. He's six feet tall, has two sons, and likes bridge, fishing, tennis, golf.

Sanderson, when he and McGuire were under way—they were outside the cove just in time to escape destruction by that lightning stroke which fired the boathouse—headed up the lake.

"I always was lucky," he assured McGuire. "Stick to me and you'll wear diamonds."

"Somebody'll see the fire and be after us."

SURE, but we'll have plenty start. We'll run this tub ashore and get into the woods; turn the boat loose, headed out into the lake, with the engine going, so they won't know where we landed."

McGuire protested: "Suppose the cabin catches fire, with them dames tied up in it?"

Sanderson said easily: "Don't worry! I tied the pretty one so she can wiggle out as soon as she gets her nerve up enough to try."

"Get loose?" McGuire was wrathful. "She'll start the men after us!"

"In what? We've got the only boat." Sanderson chuckled confidently. "Besides, she fell for me."

"Oh, yeah?"

They chugged up the lake, angling away from the shore.

"Certainly!" Sanderson expounded: "You have to size each one up and handle them right. I knew the minute I saw them that the other one would be tough . . ."

"So you gave her a chance to bust you wide open with a chunk of stovewood if I hadn't grabbed her!"

"I knew she was there! I was just going to swing around when you yelled. I let her make a break so the pretty one wouldn't blame me for getting rough. If we'd tied her up in the first place, my friend . . ."

"Your friend! Yah!"

"Sure! I could see she was soft, so I kidded her along." He chuckled. "Before I got through, she was hoping we'd make our getaway. I'll have to go back and look her up some day when I'm not in such a hurry."

McGuire grabbed his arm. "Hey, look!" he cried.

Sanderson turned. Behind them, the red and green box lights of a motorboat appeared, putting out from a cove this side of the burning boathouse.

"Blast it!" he cried. "Some one must have happened along! But they're heading down the lake!"

"No, they're turning!" McGuire corrected. "And they've got a searchlight, see! They're looking for us." He swore loudly. "Wise guy, eh? She got loose and sent the men. Probably she fell for you so hard she can't bear to see you go! You're a fixer, you are!"

"They can't spot us in this rain," Sanderson predicted, almost apologetically. The other boat, in fact, was scudding up the shore, not coming toward them at all. The two men crouched low, watching. And lightning blazed.

And then suddenly the searchlight pinned them.

McGuire uttered a hoarse cry. "They've spotted us!" He caught up one of the rifles.

Sanderson said scornfully: "What good is that?"

"Plenty!" McGuire told him. "I'm not as big a sap as you. I brought a box of shells!"

"Don't shoot!" Sanderson protested, but without conviction. A man will fight for (Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30) liberty. McGuire laughed. "Try and stop me! You got us into this mess; but if you think I'm going back to jail, you're crazy."

He stood up, moved toward the stern.

The other boat was close upon them now, yet its course was erratic. It weaved and bowed and swerved; and the searchlight's glare blinded them. An expert rifleman might have hit it; but McGuire, unfamiliar with the mechanism of this gun, had difficulty in loading the weapon, and the safety under the trigger guard escaped his notice. When he first pulled the trigger, nothing happened; and then the other boat roared by, almost touching them. Its bow wave tipped the smaller craft and overturned McGuire, and he fell backward. The rifle slithered along the planking. Drenched by the plume of water thrown aside by the other boat, they were left tossing drunkenly in its wake. Before McGuire could get to his feet again, the runabout was half a mile away.

"Hurt?" Sanderson called.

"No. Stumbled, that's all. Where's that blasted rifle?"

"If they run us down, we're gone!"

"If they come that close again, they're gone!" McGuire retorted.

"There they come!" said Sanderson.

The other boat was circling, broadside on. McGuire's shot was a lance of flame, and, as though it had revealed their location, the runabout an instant later had caught them in the searchlight's beam. McGuire shot again and again, but his footing was uncertain, and the big boat's course was a baffling zigzag. Suddenly it was upon them, meeting them this time head on.

Sanderson cried in terror: "Look out!" He spun the wheel to sheer off, and the fast runabout roared by.

McGuire, standing, the rifle at his shoulder, by that sharp turn was thrown sidewise. He caught at the gunwale with both hands. The rifle fell overside. Then the other boat was here, was gone. Its bow wave drenched them again.

"Blast you, you made me drop the gun!" he screamed. "Where's the other one?"

THE runabout, far down the lake, was turning again. The searchlight failed at first to pick them up. Their craft was low in the water now, almost swamped. The fast boat circled, questing like a hound at fault.

McGuire was working frantically with the second rifle. He cried in desperation:

"The shells don't fit this one!"

"Get down!" Sanderson warned him. "Keep still! We're half full of water now. If we get another load like that last one, we'll sink!"

McGuire gasped: "Here they come!" He stared helplessly at the juggernaut racing again their way. Sanderson tried the wheel, but the response was sluggish. Also the engine,

the wires drenched, was sputtering now in a querulous and sullen fashion.

"We can't move fast enough to dodge this time!" he shouted despairingly.

The runabout's high bow towered above them. McGuire screamed, and scrambled overside to avoid that imminent destruction, yet still clung to the gunwale. Sanderson cowered low. And the larger boat this time hit them a scraping blow that sent their small craft reeling, and splintered their planking. Their engine, drowned under a sheet of spray, coughed once and died. They wallowed helplessly, almost awash.

McGuire croaked: "... hand! ... can't swim!" He was clinging by his fingertips; and Sanderson dragged him into the boat.

When the runabout came racing back again, they staggered to their feet, stood in the searchlight's beam with hands in air, white faces suppliant, crying aloud for mercy and for peace.

JEFF DIAL, with two or three neighbors, got into his stout work boat and came chugging up the lake to fight the flames. He ran the boat into the cove, and Bob, from the shore, came splashing through the shallows to scramble aboard.

"Escaped convicts!" he gasped. "Up the lake! Celia went after them!"

They turned north, and saw the runabout's searchlight. When they drew nearer, the details of the scene were all revealed. Celia, observing their approach, had been content to cruise in a tight circle around and around the spot where the other craft, sluggish and half sinking, tossed drunkenly in the cross-waves thrown up by her boat. Her searchlight, turned abeam, held the criminals pinned, so that its ray was like the spoke of a wheel of which they were the hub, the runabout's course the rim.

Sanderson and McGuire, standing in water to their knees, saw the two boats draw together. Jeff Dial's craft had a searchlight. McGuire, peering through the rain, saw in its beam Celia in the runabout, alone.

And he turned in a rage on Sanderson.

"Look at that!" he cried. "It's that dame, alone! She did it all by herself!" And he shouted furiously: "I told you to fix them Janes! She made a sap of you, and now she does us in. Sure, she fell for you! Sure, you know how to handle 'em! Yah!"

Sanderson muttered sullenly: "I never was wrong but once before!"

McGuire faced him, his fist cocked, his head lowered ominously. "Once?" he echoed. "Spill it," he said. "Quick!"

"Why, the time I got caught," Dandy Sanderson confessed in a bewildered tone. "I'd have got away if a scrubwoman hadn't stuck her mop between my legs."

THE END

Mother Is Always Right—Sometimes

BY NOEL V. FELLOW

JANE MERRIMAN surveyed the imposing stone mansion with its ornate wrought-iron gates and had considerable misgivings. These misgivings quickened alarmingly as she ascended the wide marble steps, ominously flanked as they were by recumbent stone lions.

Yet only that morning she had been pleased, if somewhat puzzled, at the notion of being invited to the famous Chenoweth home. For society's number-one ace had swooped down from her magnificence and had actually telephoned Jane's apartment, extending the invitation personally. Jane had been puzzled; then gradually this puzzlement gave way to fear. She wondered if, through some evil chance, the argus eye of the formidable Mrs. Chenoweth had, on a recent visit to her son's office, ferreted out the secret of her love for Jack Chenoweth.

During the three years Jane had been employed as his secretary Jack had been nice and had taken her to lunch and dinner occasionally, though she had never really felt he reciprocated her love. And yet, when, on one momentous occasion, he had kissed her good night, she had wondered.

Mrs. Chenoweth had been surprisingly sweet over the telephone. In fact, fulsomely so. Yet when the old lady had stormed into her son's office raving about his being seen in a night club with a notorious actress, and had seen Jane for the first time, she had acidly commented to Jack, not caring if Jane heard, on the stupidity of a susceptible man picking out beautiful secretaries.

Jane pressed the bell and waited nervously.

The butler assured her that she was expected and that his mistress would receive her in the drawing room.

The interior of the mansion, lavishly furnished and carpeted, was to Jane luxurious beyond dreams.

Mrs. Chenoweth, gray and venerable, greeted her most affably. But to a girl of Jane's wide secretarial experience it was easy to discern that this was just pretense. It was the false veneer of a woman of means and quality who was putting forth her best efforts to be nice to one she considered a social inferior.

"Be seated, my dear," Mrs. Chenoweth smiled. "We have only a short time to discuss this matter."

Jane sank to a sofa and murmured, "What matter?"

Mrs. Chenoweth's smile faded and her harsh mouth was set; her chin determined, aggressive. Jane remem-



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

bered seeing Jack look like that on occasion, especially when some one had crossed him.

"My son has confessed to falling in love with you, his secretary! And the idiot says he is going to marry you! That, you may as well know at once, is nonsense. At his age he's apt to fall for any pretty face. I've always told him it was dangerous to have these doll-faced girl secretaries around. And I was right, as I always am so far as my son's welfare is concerned. Anyway, I will not allow this marriage to take place. I have other plans for Jack's future. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Jane was stunned. So Jack had told his mother he was in love with her and wanted to marry her! He had known all along, then, of her regard for him. Jane's pulse quickened. She was conscious of the blood racing happily to her cheeks. But Mrs. Chenoweth's next words, bitterly flung, chilled her to the bone:

"I am blunt but generous, my dear Miss Merriman. I will pay you well and give you a nice trip abroad if you will forget Jack. . . ." She drew a check from the bosom of her gown, spread it temptingly before Jane and said:

"You see, I am generous. Five thousand dollars will buy a lot of

pretty clothes, my dear, while if you married Jack I would cut him off without a penny." And there was a finality to her tone that left no doubt in Jane's mind. She would do exactly as she threatened.

But Jane's brain was in a whirl. Things were happening too fast. She tried to collect her scattered thoughts. What should she do? Mechanically her fingers caressed the check the old lady had insinuated into her hands.

Mrs. Chenoweth was eying her gloatingly with a mounting air of triumph. She plunged her jeweled fingers into her capacious bosom again.

"And now, my dear, here is your ticket for the steamer Lombard." She squinted at her wrist watch, "I took the liberty of sending my personal maid to your apartment, so by now your things are all packed. You have just time to reach the bank before it closes, to cash your check. Your boat sails from Pier Twenty in one hour, so I'll drive you myself. And here, I have a letter all written to my son saying that you have been forced to leave town immediately, and that you have never really loved him. Now if you will sign it, please."

Almost unconsciously Jane signed the letter. Her hand shook and her eyes filled with tears. She did feel badly about relinquishing her claim on Jack, but perhaps it was for his good. Jack was young.

When the boat sailed Jane had the five thousand dollars in bills reposing snugly in the purser's safe. She found herself looking forward thrillingly to this cruise that was to transport her to another world. She thought of Jack and told herself: "He did tell his mother he loved me." She vowed to think of Jack occasionally with just the necessary amount of reverence one gives to an ex-suitor.

That night Mrs. Chenoweth sent Jack a wire to Los Angeles, where he had gone on business:

FORGIVE ME STOP KNEW YOUR SECRETARY JANE MERRIMAN WAS AFTER YOUR MONEY FIRST TIME I SAW HER STOP PAID HER OFF AND SHIPPED HER TO EUROPE STOP DO NOT FEEL BADLY FOR MOTHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT ABOUT THESE THINGS STOP LOTS OF LOVE

Jack wired back:

FORGIVE ME STOP JUST MARRIED MY NEW SECRETARY AND AM ON HONEYMOON STOP JANE MERRIMAN LEFT MY EMPLOY TEN DAYS AGO TO TAKE NEW POSITION STOP MOTHER IS NOT ALWAYS RIGHT STOP YOU PAID OFF THE WRONG SECRETARY STOP LOTS OF LOVE

THE END



Life After Death:

BY DENIS P. S. CONAN DOYLE

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN my father, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was still here with us, he went one year to Australia upon a lecture tour. It was, throughout, wonderfully successful. During this tour there was one moment of great significance to him.

Following his itinerary, he had come to a seaport, Geelong, some thirty or forty miles from Melbourne.

On this evening at Geelong my father stood before his audience and told them what I am going to tell you.

One fine day two Melbourne boys, Frank and Jim Brown, left the house to go for a sail in their little yacht *Iolanthe*. They never returned. No wreckage of their craft was ever found. Though all Australia must have got news of the tragedy, no word came from any one having seen the *Iolanthe* go down.

The family was well known. Mr. Juno Brown, the father, was a prominent citizen of Melbourne. His son-in-law was then Premier of Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were, fortunately for themselves, spiritualists. Shortly after their bereavement they attended a séance with a certain English medium who happened to be at the time on a visit to Australia. Through this human instrument of communication, both sons spoke to their parents.

What they had supposed was confirmed: that a sudden storm had capsized the *Iolanthe* and that the boys had not been able to save themselves. Then Frank, the elder, asked to speak to his father out of his mother's hearing. Mrs. Brown withdrew.

Frank's message was this: "I don't want mother to know, father—but as a matter of fact Jim was not drowned. He was attacked and eaten by a giant fish."

The horrified father said, "A shark, I suppose."

"No," was Frank's unexpected reply. "It was not a shark—at least, not one of our Australian kind."

That ended the communication. Mr. Brown wrote an account of it and placed it with his banker as an official record. There seemed, however, little chance of eventual corroboration of the facts of the gruesome message.

Not long after, at Geelong, an enormous shark was caught and dragged up onto the beach. It was a deep-sea shark, of a rare species almost unknown in Australian waters. As is customary, the contents of its stomach were examined. There were some Australian coins, several buttons, some human bones—and Jim Brown's watch with his name engraved on it!

My father's voice stopped, his story finished. Then came the moment of which I spoke.

The Geelong audience, sitting quiet, turned eyes upon some one rising from his seat. They knew him. A reputable fellow townsman, a fisherman.

"I am the man," he said, "who caught and cut open

that shark, and I can testify that the contents of its stomach were exactly as Sir Arthur has stated."

That substantiated the record as being fraudproof. Surely no thinking person would suggest collusion or telepathic communication between an English medium visiting in Australia and a rare deep-sea shark! But what is the alternative?

Any intelligent man or woman is bound to take seriously the mature conclusions of men who have proved themselves capable of the highest scientific research, and who have applied their tests to matters appertaining to the after life.

Sir Oliver Lodge is probably the greatest authority on the scientific aspect of the subject today. Many others, starting with intelligent doubt, have satisfied themselves of the validity of psychic phenomena and survival and communication. The late Professor Charles Richet of the University of Paris did so; and his colleagues, Dr. Schrenck-Notzing and Count de Gramont; Dr. Geley; Professor Sir William Barrett; Professor Sir William Crookes, the great chemist; the French astronomer, Professor Flammarion; the American astronomer, Professor Larkin; famous alienists like the late Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Alexander Cannon, and many other scientists and leaders of academic thought.

Such men know and bear in mind something of which many people need reminding—that a scientific experiment, properly conducted, may fail any number of times, but if it succeeds once, the results of that one success are certified as scientific fact. I am not aware that any scientist of standing, who has devoted as many years of study to the subject as the men I have named, has reached a negative conclusion on the evidence.

The recent converts and the long-settled believers alike have been particularly interested in what happened to a well known London novelist, Mrs. Kelway Bamber.

In the early days of the World War she lost her son who was in the Air Force. Through a medium, she was able to contact him. For a time she did so weekly.

Then she had the courage to risk the grief of disillusionment. She was a determined explorer into truth. At one of their weekly contacts she said, "I am certain that it is you, Claude, who is speaking to me. But I wish that you could give me some evidential proof that your messages do not come from the subconscious mind of the medium or from telepathic communication with some other living person."

Claude promised to seize the first opportunity.

A few weeks later, during their communication, he said, "Mother, I think I have the sort of information and proof you want. Willie"—a friend of the Bammers, also in the Air Force—"has just crashed to his death in France, and his earthly body is lying amid the wreckage of his plane in a little wood three miles behind the Ger-

ARE WE GETTING NEW PROOFS?

The son of a famous father presents startling evidence—and forecasts a coming day of "spiritual wireless"

man lines, near the village of W——, on the western front. Nobody knows yet that he has been killed."

Mrs. Bamber immediately made inquiries at the War Office. They had no news, good or bad, of Willie. Two days later he was posted as "Missing."

Three weeks went by. Then information was received from German sources that his body had been found amid the wreckage of his plane in a little wood three miles behind the German lines, near the village of W——, on the western front.

During those three weeks no one on earth knew that Willie had been killed. If Mrs. Bamber's informant was not her son Claude, then who was it?

My father died seven years ago. His family has been in frequent communication with him ever since. He has a special means of getting in touch with us, and he has never once failed to convince us of his identity. Always he reveals that he knows what has happened in our lives since his previous communications.

Sometimes he gives advice—and it always proves to be sound. On a few occasions I have ignored his suggestions and each time I have found cause to regret my decision.

For forty-nine years my father studied spiritualism. He met many mediums but, to the best of my knowledge, he was never deceived by a fraudulent one.

MEDIUMS are men and women endowed with psychic powers, merely impersonal channels of communication, whose functions are somewhat analogous to telephone lines.

But purely psychic powers are not always necessary for individual reception of messages from the beyond which can be transmitted by dreams or visions. There is fresh news on that point. I read it in a New York newspaper recently.

A gentleman named Ling, connected with the theater, had a dream in which his deceased sister appeared and took him by the arm, telling him she wanted to take him to see a friend who had passed on shortly before. That friend was Sir Guy Standing, the distinguished actor. Ling told his dream to a group of friends next day; on the following morning, he was found dead in bed.

No, mediumship is by no means the ultimate means of communication, I am convinced. Just as the automatic dialing telephone succeeded the primitive early type, so I believe we shall continue to find more adequate means of establishing contact with those who have made the great change. I am confident that, when the individual attains sufficient spiritual growth, mediums will be no longer necessary. I believe that, in the future, each person who wishes to communicate with the higher realms will develop his or her own "spiritual wireless," and make direct contact with those who have gone before.

THE END



"I am the man," the fisherman said,
"who caught and cut open that shark."

BOYS FOR SALE

BY JUDGE GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON

FORMER U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY AT CHICAGO
FAMOUS AS PROSECUTOR OF AL CAPONE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A GROUP of leading Chicago citizens at a welfare dinner not long ago found boys offered "for sale." These bankers, industrialists, and professional men were told they might "buy" a boy for a few dollars a year, or run the chances of a "forced sale" later at a price of thousands of dollars if he took the crime road.

I would like to see the powerful message of "Boys for Sale!"—as given to that civic-spirited group—delivered to every last person in America.

While fighting the notorious Capone gang as a United States District Attorney, I discovered the incredible inner secrets of gangdom and can say literally that countless underprivileged youth of today are on the "market."

Continuing the figure of speech, let me illustrate:

Five boys, fifteen to twenty-two years of age, were recently "sold" by Chicago to the State of Illinois for \$135,000.

The "down payment," or the expense of landing them behind the bars, was at least \$2,000 each, or a total of \$10,000. This includes maintaining police squads who trailed them for weeks, conducting the trial, and numerous minor costs. The balance of \$125,000 is payable \$2,500 a year for fifty years: prison upkeep for the average sentences given them.

It was a "sale" to the public, and therefore an enormous sum of money was exacted from the taxpayers. But if the same lads had been "bought" at what might be called "private auction," like that referred to in the civic meeting a few years previously, they could have been had at a bargain "price" of less than \$2,000, or what it would have cost to give them a normal outlook. The difference is \$133,000, a tidy sum even in public funds.

There would have been "premiums," too, in the earlier deal. The life of a harmless elderly woman who ran a delicatessen store would have been saved, and most, if not all, the five boys would have been salvaged instead of condemned to lifetime viciousness.

They were just ordinary youngsters of a congested city neighborhood when they started on their career of crime. It was a case of shabby homes, quarreling families, alley-gang associations, truancy, no leadership, petty pilfering—then guns, robbery, and finally murder.

"Easy money" made them swagger and strut. Then, to get a new thrill, they turned wanton. On a raid they took all the aged woman storekeeper had.

"Let's kill her!" sneered one of the gang as she stood with hands in the air. The rest roared approval.

A pistol muzzle was shoved into her abdomen; there was a loud report, and she crumpled over—dead.

There was nothing heroic about them when cell doors

clanged. Sobbing and shaking, they stood at the bar of justice. Their youth saved them from the chair, but the court gave them fifty years each in the penitentiary.

These young hoodlums are pouring in droves into our prisons. Most of them are under twenty-five, many below twenty. Our prison population increases 500 a week, net.

Experts say a model prison should house only 1,000 inmates. That would necessitate one new penitentiary in this country every two weeks! As it is, some of our prisons have 4,000 to 6,000 men each.

And when you realize that America today pays approximately the same for crime as it does for food, namely upward of \$15,000,000,000 a year, or ten dollars a month for every last man, woman, and child in it—government figures—you wonder if we haven't already sealed our own doom.

Worse than that, comparatively few of the crimes are detected and punished. The actual felonies—crimes punishable by penitentiary sentences—average 1,500,000 a year in this land of ours. I am convinced we have 1,000,000 criminals in the United States today!

Most of our gangsters are recruits from the ranks of the underprivileged youth of the country, who number approximately 5,000,000. They are the potential victims of the crime infection.

Yet most of them can be "bought" for good citizenship



for about ten or fifteen dollars a year each, that amount more than covering the cost of providing them with leadership and facilities—through clubs, Scouts churches, and community houses—sufficient to divert them from evil to good.

Among these unfortunate urchins who swarm the city streets and alleys, ragged, poor, and rebellious, is a particular group of about 450,000. The chance of their hitting the toboggan of crime is almost certain unless they are given skillful guidance otherwise. They are the anti-social type, the sulky, defiant youth whom some one has called the "mavericks of the gang."

They have to be handled individually. Yet the Big Brothers who deal so marvelously with wayward youth register 97-per-cent success in getting these lads straightened out and set on the road to citizenship! And the average cost per boy is around twenty dollars a year.

The fact is, about the most senseless thing we do is to support youth in crime instead of preventing their getting into it. It costs just about \$5,000, or the price of a small house and lot, to land a young hold-up behind the bars and keep him there for ten years. Upkeep of a convict averages \$500 a year.

An ancient weather-beaten police station, abandoned by the Chicago department for more modern quarters, was recently taken over by the Chicago Boys' Clubs, which maintain clubhouses for lads in the city's most congested districts. In six months the juvenile delinquency of the area has been cut way down, volunteer leaders achieving what the taxpayers through law agencies hadn't been able to do in decades.

I have been studying the "financial sheet" of a boy who started out as a truant and pilferer and developed into a murderer. It shows he cost my community just \$32,300 in public money, aside from the private losses in his robberies, before he was finally brought within the shadow of the electric chair—only to have his sentence commuted and the bill started up again at forty dollars a month.

Although he cost the taxpayers as much as many a wage earner takes in during a lifetime of hard labor, he was really only "small fry."

The "big shots" of gangdom—Al Capone, Richard Hauptmann, John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd—cost the public possibly millions of dollars all told. But the multitude of little crooks, who seldom get the spotlight, cost the most—because there are more of them.

Returning to our petty gangster, we find him born and reared in the "Valley," cradle of the famous Valley Gang which terrorized whole sections of the city, and sometimes numbering as many as 100 thugs, hold-ups, bank robbers, and gunmen. It was in the "bloody Nineteenth" Ward, where bloodshed was common.

Left to his own devices, he became a criminal before he was out of the grades, and it was a continuous tussle between him, the police, and juvenile authorities until prison walls closed in on him for murder.

Up until he was fifteen, juvenile officers made 112 calls at his home. Then in a month he committed four burglaries. He was sentenced to the reform school, serving 472 days, at a cost of \$449. When he was nineteen he started robbing with a gun, and went to prison, at an upkeep cost of \$1,630 for 1,968 days.

Release was followed by a carnival of crime, then murder of a suburban police chief. For three months squads kept constantly on his trail, the final cost of arresting him being \$3,500. On top of that a reward of \$2,500 for his capture was paid.

To get him sentenced to the electric chair required a host of investigators, lawyers, police, jurors, and court attendants. The cost of the trial to taxpayers was probably not less than \$250 a day. The total expense for a conviction was estimated at not less than \$6,000. Then a fund of \$12,000 was raised to care for the murdered policeman's family.

Many other costs entered into the case, such as \$639 for early juvenile-court supervision, visits by truancy and parole officers, maintenance in jail awaiting trial, and court hearings.

We have areas in our city where upward of 50 per cent of the youth land in the hands of the police and the courts. The same applies to other major cities of America.

In one of our blighted sections an old factory building was rented and turned into a club building. Boys were gathered in out of the streets. Among them was a lad of eighteen who developed into a capable volunteer leader. In a burst of confidence one day he told the club director he had perpetrated twenty hold-ups before the club got him, and he had expected to spend his life in crime! I'll venture that one boy alone diverted at least twenty-five still younger from gangdom and banditry.

Reformatories, prisons, and reform schools won't do the job the clubs will do. Seventy-five per cent or more of the boys who land behind bars return to crime after release.

On the other hand, I know of a city of 100,000 which organized Big Brothers, and instead of having twenty-five to fifty boys in the reformatory, it went three years without incarcerating more than two or three.

Big Brothers dealt with 63,000 boys last year and salvaged more than 62,000 of them. In my city, one club, the Union League, maintains two great community centers for boys and aids thousands of them into useful lives at a very moderate cost.

Boys who get the club training in congested districts also get ideals that make them trustworthy in business. I know of two who were hired as office boys by a bank, and inside of a couple of years they were trusted with handling large sums of money.

Hundreds are placed in business and industry and almost invariably they are hard workers and make rapid advances.

But if they go the other way? The public

really doesn't know the liability it incurs in letting boys drift into crime. The loss isn't simply one of money. The sufferings of the victims are often horrible. Young criminals today not only rob and kill. There is a growing fiendishness terrible to contemplate.

A young farmer confesses to running a high-school girl down with a motorcar, attacking her, and then throwing her, alive, into an abandoned well. A girl dies in an insane asylum, her mind lost because of cruelties inflicted upon her. Another young woman dies because she was mutilated with scissors after an attack.

These are citations from police records.

The sadist gets a thrill out of the suffering he inflicts. And sadism may be considered contagious, like diphtheria, the way it spreads. Human nature, uncivilized, turns back to the wild, often with unbelievable speed.

That's what we face today. Destruction is inevitable unless we give the youngsters morals and ideals as well as food and shelter. For those we cannot personally reach we can serve through welfare means.

Boys are truly "for sale" today, and are the finest investment for business. I'll "buy" as many boys as I can. Will you?

THE END

THE SADDEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD—AND WHO GIVES A DAMN?

ANTHONY ABBOT, Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, believes the world would soon be a better place if the average decent American would make just one visit to a police line-up. Every morning at police headquarters in large American cities, criminals caught in the net of the law parade on a lighted platform before detectives so that when seen again they will be known.

Perhaps you law-abiding citizens imagine that grim parade shows only hard old faces, battered with hell. What a mistake! Most of the prisoners who march in the line-up are boys under twenty—many of them barely sixteen. Today youths are your felons, stick-up men, armed robbers, safeblowers, killers.

This article by Judge Johnson is important. Some criminals can never be saved, no matter what we do for them. But a host of others can be saved, if only somebody gives a damn. You who this minute are reading my words—what are you willing to do to save a boy?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio.

OVER the teletype, word comes that Flash Arthur, thief and extortionist, has escaped from Longrock Prison. Immediately Sergeant Duff of the New York State Police orders Trooper Morgan to the crossroads to watch all cars coming from Atlas, toward which the criminal is headed.

The young trooper halts the blue coupé of Cynthia Drummond, a girl with whom he has fallen in love. She doesn't relish this show of authority, tells him that she is in sympathy with his quarry, and emphatically requests him not to stop her again on her return from Atlas. It seems that Wallace Strake, her father's secretary, is dying as the result of an automobile accident two nights ago.

So, on its second appearance, Morgan ignores the blue coupé. Farther along the road, however, Doane, a motorcycle cop, endeavors to hail it and is run down by the driver, Flash Arthur, hell-bent for freedom.

Always at loggerheads with Morgan, Sergeant Duff implies



Cynthia asked, "Do you really love me?"

that the young trooper is in league with the crook. Enraged, Morgan resigns from the service. That evening, while hiking toward Atlas, he is overtaken by Professor Drummond, who drives him to town. Together, they pick up Cynthia. The professor's high-spirited daughter had been held for examination by the police.

Old Drummond invites the ex-trooper to spend the night with them. Morgan finds the household pretty weird. There is the dying man swathed in bandages, a nervous, furtive Dr. Keegan in charge, who is also the Drummonds' landlord; and two morose servants, Baxter and his wife Emma, supplemented by a ferocious Great Dane named Hamlet.

Out of deep sleep Morgan is startled by a dog barking and a woman screaming. He discovers Baxter, murdered, at the foot of the stairs. Fingerprints on the knife are those of Flash Arthur. Also, curiously enough, Morgan, investigating on his own, comes upon a pick and shovel freshly used for digging—but digging for what?

Hamlet is shot in a bit of wasteland. No one knows why. Dr. Keegan tries to throw all suspicion on Morgan. Then Harry England of the State Police is put on the case. He quizzes the ex-trooper to no avail. That night, late, Morgan follows the sound of clanking tools and footsteps to the old sugarhouse. Suddenly a flashlight blinds him.

DEATH *in the* DARK

PART FOUR—BATTLE AND A SURPRISE

THE tight silence blew apart. Morgan dived, with a yelp, for the intruder's legs. A small flame leaped to meet him. An explosion boxed his ears. The squirting fire seared Morgan's skull. He wondered if he were dead. But he felt his shoulder shock on hard knees, wrapped arms about them, and heaved.

A blow grazed his head and filled his eyes with twinkling light. He lifted as the knees gave way. The man went down, half on him, half on the floor, with a grunt and a clatter. Morgan let go, twisted about, swarmed over a thrashing body and fought to pin the arms. The dazzle in his own eyes faded. The torch had gone out when the men had fallen.

A fist struck Morgan's face once, again, then fastened on his throat. He suffered the blows and the strangling pain. His hands were locked on a jerking arm. He shifted one, and felt hard knuckles and the chill of metal. He caught the gun by the still warm barrel and twisted.

It gave. The other man half cursed, half coughed in pain. An updrawn knee smote Morgan's stomach. The grip on his throat sent threads of agony through his temples. He held that one arm tight and wrenched at the gun barrel. The other cried aloud.

Joy flamed through Morgan's pain. The hand from which he had torn the gun clutched, grazed his arm, missed a hold. He swung the weapon up to bring the butt down on his enemy. The barrel slipped through his sweaty palm. The pistol flew, thumped against a wall, and dropped to the floor.

Both hands were now tight on Morgan's throat. Morgan bucked. The pressure grew. The strangle hold was tightening. Morgan's head throbbed and seemed to swell. Flecks of light swam in his eyes. Again he tried to rise, failed, and fell back. Something pinned beneath him hurt savagely. His groping hand closed on a cold metal cylinder. It was the torch.

Tumult was growing in his ears. He flung himself to one side and drew the torch free. The other man mistook the movement for a last flurry. Morgan heard a gloating whimper.

He raised himself on one elbow. The other arm swung the heavy torch and brought it down upon that head that burrowed into his own shoulder. Morgan felt the hold about his throat give way. He struck again. A long, slow breath sighed out. Fresh air came into his own lungs. The body above him was heavy but still. He cast it off, and lay for a long instant, breathing hard.

Morgan sat up at last. He fumbled with the torch. Its fall or the blows he had dealt had broken it. He searched with stiff fingers for a match, found one at last, and

struck it. The small flame shook in his hand. The wavering light it cast played on the still face of Sergeant England of the state police and sparkled on the trickle of blood that ran down his forehead into the black bar of his eyebrows.

The match burned Morgan's fingers. He sat in darkness a long minute without stirring. Echoes of his own hard breathing roused him at last. He lit a second match. It could not be England who lay there.

But it was England. The trickle of blood had its source in a growing lump on his forehead. The gray uniform was dusty and awry, the purple tie was lodged beneath one ear. It was the sergeant, the Bureau of Investigation operative assigned to the Arthur case, who breathed more loudly and choked and muttered as the second match went out.

Morgan scowled, swallowed thickly, and winced at the hurt. He ached deep into his bones. The path the bullet had burned on his scalp throbbed and stung. A greater



They crouched. Feet sounded on the path.

mental anguish grew. As his body recovered and his mind worked more quickly, he groaned. Cocksure, headlong, vainglorious, he had tracked, fought, and captured, not the criminal he had sought for the greater glory of Cynthia Drummond and his own repute, but the man hunter sent by the department to find Flash Arthur and bring him in.

Clammy, sweat broke out on Morgan. England suddenly said:

"Hi!" He stirred and added more heartily, "Ouch!"

Morgan hunted a third match with slippery fingers. The men looked at each other across its fire. The glow stressed the hollow in the sergeant's blunt dark face. He stared at Morgan hard for an instant, rose on one elbow, and gasped:

"So what?"

Morgan said, and quailed at his words' weak sound:

"It was—my mistake."

"And something more than just a social error, if you ask me. Whew! Boy, you're hard to handle. How come?"

"I was trailing you," Morgan blurted. "I found you'd taken the tools, and followed you here. I waited for you to come back. I thought—"

He could not bear to tell what he had thought. He saw how comic it would seem. It would become a legendary jest in and out of the department. England's voice came quietly:

"Let's start over again and see if we can get this straight, old-timer. In the first place, I was following you. In the second, I didn't have any tools, barring a gun and a torch—and somehow I don't seem to have them now."

The sergeant's face was grave in the light of another match. Morgan held it high and pointed to the pick and shovel he had stood against the wall. He asked hoarsely:

"Then who was the man who brought them here?"

"It must," the sergeant answered, "have been a couple of other fellows. Whoever it was won't be back for them, I think. It must have sounded as though we'd locked up the battle of Gettysburg in here."

"You were following me. Then who was I—"

He gagged and could not go on. England answered:

"Listen. You told me this morning you didn't know a thing. And a few minutes ago you half kill me because you think I'm some one that rates it. You play too rough. I'd rather have you on my side."

Morgan spoke meekly:

"If you mean it, I'll go along with you, sergeant. Here's what happened."

HE told all he knew in a gush of words. When he had ended, England said:

"Now I'll talk. You think Keegan is tied up in this thing. He's sure you are. He had me pretty near converted, too. I followed you clear to Maybrook tonight. If you hadn't come back right away, I'd have collared you then. My car and your car are parked, one after the other, on the highway right now. I followed you to the Keegan place and then I came after you here."

"Why? If you thought I was in this thing, why didn't you—"

"Arrest you right off?" England finished for him. "With you creeping around like the First Conspirator? Give them all the rope you can, is my motto. I let you have it. I felt that if I watched you and let you prowl, I could arrest you, after a while, just that much harder. Look at what comes of trying to outsmart the troopers, old-timer. If you'd unbuckled this morning, we'd both be healthier right now. When you jumped me, out of the dark, I might have killed you."

Mystery grows, heartbreak strikes in a tense, vivid tale of murder and a girl

BY FREDERIC F.
VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH

"You would," Morgan answered—and ran his fingers along the welt on his skull—"if you'd aimed a millimeter lower."

"Aim," England scoffed. "You were on top of me so fast, it just went off, that's all." After a pause he went on:

"We pool our dope, then, eh? We work together? We don't announce a partnership, but until this case is washed up you're a B. of I. deputy? Agreed?"

"Agreed," Morgan answered. Groaning, England searched his pockets and found cigarettes, flattened but whole. Both men still were too spent to rise. They sat on the dirt floor, backs against the masonry that had borne the evaporator, and talked.

"What," England asked, "does all this pick-and-shovel sleight of hand mean to you?"

"Burial," Morgan answered instinctively.

"Maybe. But what? Don't bother to answer me; I'm just thinking out loud. The tools were used yesterday, you say. Some one takes them again tonight. He must be making a habit of burying—or digging up."

He rose stiffly, with earnest groans, and spent several matches while he hobbled the length of the cabin and back again. He picked up his gun, put it into its holster, and peered carefully at the floor.

"Nothing's been planted or excavated here lately," he said at last, and sat down again at Morgan's side. "All right. Pick and shovel still unsolved. Next problem: Who's been taking them?"

"The doctor is making passes at the professor's lovely daughter," England said as if to a third person. "The doctor accuses the humble suitor of a foul crime. Obviously—at least, to the suitor—the doctor is the criminal himself, with a letch for wandering around in the dark with a pick and shovel."

His chuckle galled Morgan, who grumbled:

"All right. Make a better choice. Keegan was alone in the house tonight, except for a practically dying man and a scared-to-death hired girl. There was no one to check him up, or so he thought. And, sergeant, he was tickled to death to be rid of us. I could see that."

"Now maybe," England answered, "some of that joy came from the thought I was going to pinch you. I'd told him I'd nail you for questioning anyway. You followed this tool-bearing mystery, and after I saw you get started I followed you. I looked back as I went around the corner of the house. Keegan sat, reading, in the living room, and the pick and shovel were ahead of you, and you were ahead of me. So, unless the doctor is twins, he has an alibi."

"Laugh plenty, sergeant. Go ahead. But I wish you'd check up on Keegan. I still think there's something wrong with him."

"Sure there is. My chief grief is that the same thing's wrong with you. You're both in love."

"Have it your own way. I still don't like him. And listen: If that's going to slow you up, we'll bust this so-called partnership now."

YOU listen," said England. "I've been talking to Duff about you. He said you had a temper. Hasn't it got you into jams enough already? No, you won't walk out on me. You've a head, when you'll use it. You've dug up more on this case, so far, than I have."

"And put it all together, it spells—nothing."

"Just that," England agreed.

They rose with mingled groans. Morgan said as he lit a match and moved toward the tools:

"I'd like to know what he went up the hill after and why he left these things here."

"I'd even be content," England answered, "just to know who he is. We'll come back tomorrow and snoop around. Hold on. Those may have fingerprints."

"They'll be mine, then," Morgan told him, striking another match. "I handled them last."

He picked up the tools. England followed him out. The stars blazed over a cold and silent world. They picked their way downhill.

The question Morgan now asked had bothered him all day: "Just how ill is this Strake?"

England laughed, and Morgan was ashamed.

"I didn't know," he mumbled. "I just wondered if—"

"If Keegan was keeping him strapped in bed so that the doc could hang around his ancestral home—and also around his tenant's fair daughter? That's it, eh?"

"Not entirely. I just—wondered. Keegan might fake and—"

"You're a stubborn so-and-so, aren't you?" England asked. "All roads lead to Keegan. Listen, Romeo! I've talked to old Dr. Bradley, the best man in these parts, who was called in consultation. He says Strake should have been dead two days ago. Satisfied?"

"My error," Morgan said so meekly that England chuckled.

They tramped on, and at length Morgan halted before the open doorway of the garage. The light still burned in Strake's room. The east was paling for moonrise. Morgan set down shovel and pick and looked at England.

The sergeant said:

"Put them back where you found them. If they're taken again, I'll begin to believe in ghosts too."

Morgan obeyed, then followed England toward the front of the dwelling. Midway the sergeant halted. The light from the living-room window showed the satisfaction on his soiled face.

"There," he said simply—"just as I left him."

KEEGAN sat by the center table, a book on his lap, a cigar in hand. Morgan watched him turn a page, draw in and blow out smoke.

"I grant the alibi," he told the sergeant, almost against his will, "but—"

He saw the beginnings of England's mocking grin and said no more.

England climbed into the phaeton parked behind the blue coupé, and started the motor.

"I'll be seeing you in the morning," he moaned, "if I don't come all apart before then. I'll meet you—let me see—out where you found the dog. That ought to be private enough."

Morgan spent a long while next morning repairing his suit. His misused body was beyond his help. His cheekbone and knuckles were skinned. His ribs were bruised. The bearings of his neck seemed in need of oil. The crease on his skull made it hard for him to brush his hair.

He waited purposely until he thought the Drummonds must have finished breakfast before he went to the house. He did not wish Keegan to see his marred face. Despite England's scoffing, he was not yet ready to absolve the doctor.

Cynthia was alone in the kitchen. She looked up from the stove and gave a shy friendly smile. Her smile grew at his astonishment. He saw her eyes widen, and knew she had marked his damaged face.

"Hello," she said. There was question in the word. He ignored it.

"Hello yourself. Did you have a good time?"

"Did you?" she asked, still staring at his marred cheek. He recited:

"I ran into an open door in the dark."

He grinned. Her smile faded. She asked: "An icebox door, by any chance?"

"What?"

Her voice grew earnest and a little worried.

"Didn't you eat here after you got back last night?"

"No. That's funny, too. I remember, now, I didn't eat at all. That's why I'm so hungry. Where's Rena?"

Cynthia spoke as though the telling increased her worry. Dr. Keegan had taken Rena back to Atlas with him. The girl was in a panic. She knew the house was haunted. She had heard stealthy sounds in the night. Specters had whimpered at her door, and when she had come down this morning, two cold chops and a bowl of boiled potatoes had been missing from the icebox.

"There's something I have to tell you now," she said. "I'm sorry about yesterday. I misjudged you. You see, I didn't know, till I talked to Aubrey last night, why you were here. I'm sorry I—jumped at conclusions."

Her dark-blue eyes looked straight at him, and he felt a strange passage between him and her like the ardent leap of an electric spark. It stirred her, too. She looked

away, turned to the stove. He said: "You're—a pretty swell person."

He saw the quicker movement of her breasts, but she had herself in hand. She glanced at him gaily.

"Even if I think police are brutal and am sorry for those they hunt? Even if I'm a pacifist?"

"You're no pacifist," he told her. "You just think you are. You were angry enough with me yesterday to hit me with a potato."

She did not seem to hear that. She asked tartly:

"Is it hunger that makes you stare in that particularly abhorrent fashion? If so, you can have your breakfast now."

"No," he said. "No. I was just thinking how nice it would be to see you before breakfast every morning."

"That," she said, not looking up, "is one date I've managed to keep from making, so far."

"Reserve it for me permanently," he begged.

She glared at him, but he only grinned. She did not speak until she had poured coffee, placed eggs, bacon, and toast on a plate, and set them on the kitchen table.

"There," she bade. "Eat and grow sensible. You're delirious with hunger."

HE obeyed, wholly unaware of what he swallowed. His eyes followed her about the kitchen. He was sure the brilliance of her color was not wholly due to exertion and heat. He did not speak again. The deep delight of watching her was enough. It was she who broke the silence.

"I wish," she said, "I knew what it really was that scared Rena."

"I'm trying to find out," he answered slowly, "and that's the chief of two reasons why."

"And the other's because you hope, if you succeed, to get back into the department again?"

"Exactly."

"Yes," she went on, with a puzzled line between her eyebrows. "That's what Aubrey told me. Is being a policeman the most you want in life?"

"No," he said, and saw fresh color flow up into her face. She hurried on:

"What is it that holds you? Why do you want it so?"

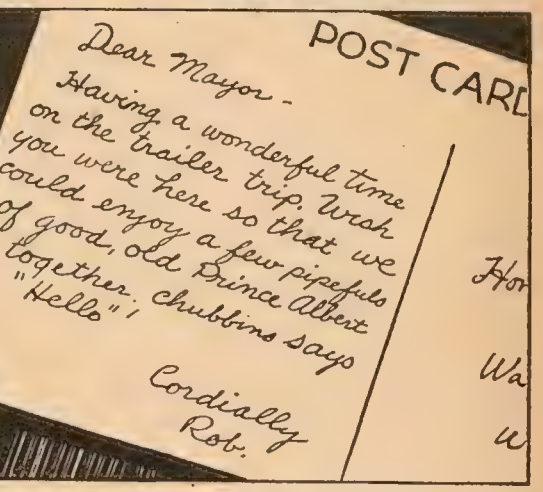
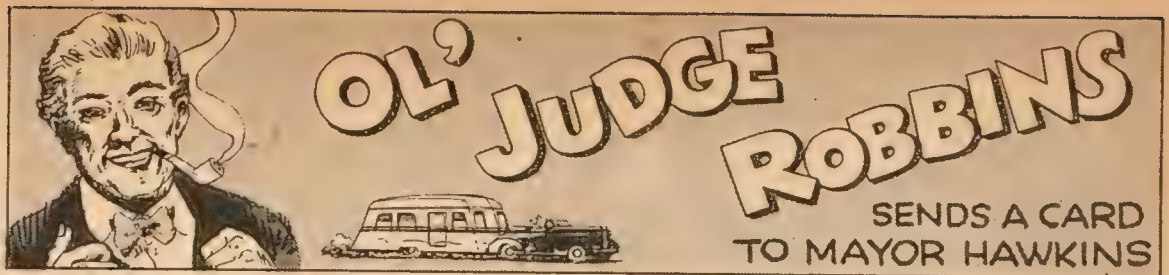
He shrugged.

"Self-justification, partly. I made a fool of myself and quit. I'd like to prove I'm not a fool. But it's more than that. There's joy in working for a cause greater and finer than yourself. It's good for a man to serve something higher than himself. Loyalty, I suppose, is the best word. There isn't so much of it left in the world."

He looked at her, abashed by his earnestness. Her eyes were warm. Again they sent that odd shock through him, lifting his heart, firing him.

"And that's the way," she asked, "you feel about the state police?"

He heard himself say in a low, grave voice:



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GREAT IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO!

"It's more the way I feel about you, Cynthia. I love you so."

She stood quite still. Color left her face. He could say nothing more. His throat was tight and there was pain about his heart. He only waited, and knew he had laid in her hands the power to glorify his life or blast it. Was it pity that made her eyes so tender?

Cynthia's face changed. She looked beyond Morgan and said:

"Breakfast is ready, old lazybones."

Drummond stood in the doorway from the hall. He looked over his glasses at Morgan, at his daughter, and said, as she served him:

"Hah, fried eggs! I thank you, my dear."

Cynthia left as he seated himself. The younger man heard her hurry up the stairs, and ached to follow her. Doubt was worse torment than doom. Drummond sipped coffee and asked:

"What happened to your face?"

His speech was sharp. Morgan wondered how much he had overheard. He answered:

"I had an argument."

"You look as if you'd lost it. My boy, you're about to lose your job, too."

Drummond spoke between mouthfuls, and grievance grew in his voice as he talked:

"I have a six-months lease on this place, with privilege of renewal. I'm leaving when it expires—tomorrow. I'm beginning to share Cynthia's—ah, antipathy for this house."

"I see," Morgan said carefully. Drummond went on:

"I don't like murders and ghosts and hysterical servants and escaped convicts. I can't do my work here. Since Strake was injured this place has become—ah, bedlam."

"I see," Morgan said again. "What about Strake?"

"Keegan says he can be taken to the hospital tomorrow. Keegan seems immensely pleased with himself and Strake's phenomenal vitality. The poor lad, if he does recover, will be gravely disfigured; but Keegan, I say, is pleased. No one has asked if Wally would not rather die. And he can't say, for he's still unconscious. Life is like steam. It is useful only when it moves something worth while. The Asiatics have—"

He checked himself and looked apologetically at Morgan, who stared through the window. He had seen a gray-uniformed figure limp across the back yard and vanish beyond the garage.

YOU know," Drummond pursued, "I believe I talk too much. However—we're leaving tomorrow, as soon as Keegan brings an ambulance for Wally. It's sudden, I know; but I didn't determine upon it until this morning, and you're the first I've told."

Yes, Morgan thought: you decided when you listened at the door just now.

Resentment must have been plain on his face, for Drummond asked soothingly:

"How goes the sleuthing?"

"Not at all."

"So I—ah, suspected. You have all morning free for it. I'm to speak at the Woman's Club of Atlas this noon. Will you drive me in?"

"Glad to," Morgan said, and left the kitchen.

He wondered sourly as he crossed the back yard if he had been chosen by Fate as permanent victim of her practical jokes. He had grappled last night with some one he thought was a criminal, and had found him a sergeant of state police. He had stood this morning on what he knew was the threshold of his life's purpose, and now Drummond was leaving and taking Cynthia with him.

Morgan thought, with a stubborn thrust of his jaw:

If he's trying to keep her from me, he's started too late. I'll see her again. I'll find out how she feels, if I have to chop down a door.

He cherished memory of Cynthia's white intent face and the soft look in her eyes. It heartened him and soothed his dismay as he went along the track through the pasture after England.

The sergeant met him where the paths forked. He looked as though he had a cold, for his nose was red. One eye was swollen and darkening. His uniform had been

pressed, a rent in the collar had been sewed, but it still bore traces of last night's affray. England said:

"Never mind the grin. You aren't the picture of what the well dressed man will wear, yourself. And I hope you're as sore as I am. What do you know, anyway?"

"Little enough," Morgan answered, and told of Strake's imminent removal and the Drummonds' departure.

"Not bad," England said without sympathy. "With that accomplished maybe we'll be able to clean this up. I'm one jump ahead of you this morning, God be thanked."

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, unwrapped it, and rolled a scarred bullet into Morgan's palm.

"The dog," he said, nodding down the slope, "is still there. I performed an autopsy. That's from a .38 revolver. All we have to do now is find the gun and we'll know who did it."

"That's just fine," Morgan told him. "And then all we have to do is find Arthur and the case is washed up. No wonder cops get fat!"

"Correct," England agreed. "And just to keep our belts from cutting us in half, let's go up to the shanty and find where our friend went last night—if we can."

MORGAN followed him uphill. The path, so endless, so beset with mystery last night, was brief and prosaic now. They moved toward the drab and sway-backed cabin.

"Yonder," England said, "is my idea of a haunted house. Did the ghost walk last night?"

He listened carefully while Morgan told of the missing food and the servant's flight. When he had ended, the sergeant said slowly:

"That's pretty queer, isn't it?"

Morgan shrugged.

"Name three things about this set-up that aren't. I think Rena used the yarn of the specter with an appetite as an easy out. She was scared half to death all yesterday. Keegan took her into town this morning. Did you—"

He checked himself, shamed by memory of the sergeant's earlier mockery. England asked:

"Check up on the doc? I did. And got nothing that gives you a chance to say 'I told you so.' Keegan's a good doctor, a better sport, and a friend of all the world. His people have lived here a hundred years. Even Mrs. Baxter likes him. He's the last of his family. There was an older brother. Got into girl trouble. Ran away to South America and died there. Pick a clue out of that."

The path skirted the mound where the sugarhouse stood. They climbed the slope to the cabin, paused by the moldering door, and peered in. There were scratches and a scattering of dirt on the hard-packed floor, and beside the stone foundation for an evaporator lay the bent and dented flashlight.

"Looks," England mused, moving toward the far doorway, "as though some one had a fight here last night."

Morgan followed. Beyond the portal by which the man had left the night before, the mound went down to the path that snaked through knotted tree trunks uphill. They followed it, scanning the track carefully.

The path passed a brush pile, a man-high heap of leafless limbs and twigs; and Morgan chuckled, pointing to the white gleam of a freshly broken stub:

"That's what he ran into last night and swore."

"I wish," said England, "I knew why he left those tools down in the cabin. For that matter, I wish he'd broken his neck."

The path still climbed. Ledges broke it. They came at last to the summit of the knoll. Bald rock dropped away before them and the treetops below rose no higher than the men. The path went on down the slope. England pointed to a rickety rustic bench.

"Maybe he came here for the view."

"Or maybe"—Morgan jerked his head toward the road—"he had a car parked down there and went on home. It would be a short cut from the Keegan place."

"Leaving the tools for some one else," England began, and then snorted in disgust. "Come on; let's go. We're rapidly getting nowhere."

They went back in thoughtful silence. The sergeant led the way. Morgan brooded over Arthur. Could he have taken the pick and shovel? Was his loot hidden

somewhere on this knoll? But, if it had been Arthur, why had he left the tools and gone on? Or why should he, the Broadway playboy, have picked this place in all New York State to bury plunder? It couldn't have been he. Might the man have an accomplice?

England had stopped before him. He turned and held up a hand as Morgan started to speak. His face was alert, listening.

"Voices," he muttered. "Down below. Some one's coming up the trail."

They had halted abreast the brush heap. England stole toward it. Morgan followed. They moved with care, and crouched behind the mound of twigs and branches. Feet sounded on the path. Their loud noise mocked the sergeant's caution. He whispered in half apology:

"Better if we aren't seen together, anyway."

Something brushed against their hiding place. Morgan flinched, for a mellow voice spoke and shook him.

"Tony," Cynthia Drummond asked, "do you really love me as much as that?"

England looked at his companion's colorless face. Keegan's voice replied:

"Listen, Cynthia; listen, darling. I'll take your bag when I leave in the morning. We'll drive to New York tomorrow night. My passport will be there. You have your own. We'll live where you wish for the winter, Naples, Algiers, Cairo. Then in the spring we'll go on, you and I, seeing the world together. Ceylon, Bali—"

THEY had moved on while he spoke. Distance turned the urgent voice to a mumble. Silence returned, broken for an instant by Cynthia's laugh. England shrugged, started to speak, bit his lip instead and tugged resentfully at the brush before him. Morgan asked:

"Do we stay here all day?" His voice was quiet; his face was still and gray.

England did not seem to hear. His eyes had narrowed and he scowled.

"This girl," he asked at last. "Is she rich?"

"No," Morgan answered politely. "But her father is."

The sergeant's speech was slow.

"That's sort of funny, Jack. I happen to know that Keegan—"

Morgan did not even know the puzzled voice had ceased.

"For God's sake," England begged, "look at that!" and pointed down at the brush heap's edge.

What is it that Sergeant England sees that calls for his sudden exclamation? Can it be a new clue? And is it possible that Keegan will get Cynthia to run off with him? There is a showdown in next week's Liberty that is not on the cards. Don't miss it!

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

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When the father of a well-to-do and respected family is convicted of murder it should have an interesting effect upon the lives of each member of that family. In this case it does, and our interest in the murder itself is subordinated to the human problems of the people affected. This is not a "whodunit," but a well told tale of American life.

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Jean spoke a few words into the mike. She was nervous, shy. She never remembered what she said.

Why JEAN HARLOW DIED

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BEAUTIFUL and petted, little Harlean Carpentier, later to become famous as Jean Harlow, was a shy and sensitive child. Her mother, stepfather, and grandparents were her whole life. She had few young friends and, as she grew older, was uninterested in boys. But at sixteen she met one—wealthy twenty-two-year-old “Chuck” McGrew—and surprised her family by eloping with him.

The marriage was not a success. They went to California to live and, for Chuck, life became a round of parties. Harlean, always uncomfortable in large crowds, was unhappy. When an opportunity came, through a friend, for her to take a screen test, she went to the studio from sheer boredom. Immediately she was offered a part; then another. Her husband protested, but Harlean—now Jean—had found in pictures the romance and excitement she craved. Chuck and she were divorced.

Then her grandfather saw her on the screen—prancing airily in black lace teddies. He telephoned and commanded Jean to give up the movies at once. And Jean, used to deferring to his wishes, canceled her contract.

But she became restless. Ambition had gripped her and she could think of nothing but her ruined career. When a studio called and offered her a small part in a Clara Bow picture, she took it. Grandfather or no grandfather, she was on her way. Nothing could stop her now!

PART TWO—A NEWBORN STAR FACES TRAGEDY

A MOVING-PICTURE career is as rigid in its requirements as is a convent. It demands the same utter devotion, the same patience and fortitude and abnegation of self.

Jean Harlow did not discover that until she started her first important role—in *Hell's Angels*.

“Watch your diet,” she was told. “Don't eat starches. Keep your weight down, even if it starves you. Study, study, study! Study your lines. Study your role. Study the camera angles. Go to bed early. Be early on the set. Don't dissipate. Don't age. Do what you are told—exactly what you are told—and nothing else.”

She was on the set early and late. Sometimes she waited all day and all night, in make-up and costume, waiting to be called. But the electricians were still arranging the lights; the carpenters hadn't finished their work; something had gone wrong with the sound equipment; the director wasn't satisfied with the last take, and it had to be done over, and over, and over and over again. There seemed to be always some reason for delay.

She was on the set morning and afternoon and night—rehearsing, playing a scene, playing it a dozen times or more before it was O. K.'d.

“No, Miss Harlow. Try it again. You're here. Right here. On this chalk mark. Remember that. The chalk comes in. You're not glad to see him. Not this time. You are absorbed in the infantryman. You don't see Hall at first. He means nothing to you—absolutely nothing. You've had your little fling with him, but it's over. You can't be bothered with him now. See? You're a little tramp. Get it? A one-night girl. Try to put that idea over. All right. Places, everybody! Quiet! We're taking it again.”

It's monotonous work, making pictures. It's drudgery. It's waiting hours and hours, sometimes days, for a

chance to play a scene before the cameras; and then playing the scene until every word, every gesture, every look, every emotion, is grudgingly approved.

“O. K. We'll save that.”

Ten feet of film may cost a whole week's time.

Jean Harlow loved it all.

Herman Bing, the comedian with the funny German accent, met her during the filming of *Hell's Angels*.

“You neffer zeen a kidt zo ca-razy aboutt de moofies,” he said, when I talked with him in his dressing room at a Broadway theater where he was making a personal appearance.

Jean's body was being placed in the crypt as we talked.

“Alvays she vas asking ka-vestions from efferybody,” Bing said. “Alvays she vas trying to learn all she couldt aboutt dis business. A vunderful intellichence. Ach, yes! But zo zimple! She liked beobles. Mugicians. Electricians. Zeneshifters. Sca-ript girls. Ectors. Dirrrectors. Efferybody. Und beobles liked her.

“A big headt? She neffer hadt it. Not Chean. No, zir! She vas zo zweet, zo nize, zo zimple. A moofie star? Yes. But not like zome I know.

“Und you know vhat killed her? Diet. Vorry. De chemicals she put on her lofely hair. Too much t'inking ofer Paul Bern. Ach, yes. But especially de diet. She vas starvedt. She hadt to keep zlim. Zo zlim. Vhen dey opperrrated, she hadt no resistance, no star-rrength.”

The big comedian rubbed his great round tummy tenderly, as though to ease the burden of a twelve- or fifteen-course dinner.

“Vunce,” he said, “Chean und Bill Powell und me, ve vere making a picture. I vas running a hot-dog stand, und Chean und Bill game und sat down on de stools, und ordered rrred-hots. Dey didt a funny leedle lofe zene vwhile dey ate dem. Only Chean didnt't eat dem. Chust bretended to.

“‘Ach, Hoiman,’ she saidt, vhen de zene was done, ‘dey zmells zo vunderful! If I couldt only eat vun I would be zo happy! But de doctorrrs—’

“‘For heffen's zakes, Chean,’ I saidt, ‘to hell mit de doctorrrs! Gome beck a leedle later, und I'll gook vun for you.’

“Und she didt. Und I didt. She heldt it to her nose und inhaled it. Like a rrrose. Und she et it down. Like a childt!

“It's nize to rrremember dat vunce in her life dat I know of, she enchoyed some-dings to eat. Poor Chean!

You t'ink dey haff rrred-hots in heffen?”

Jean worked hard and studied hard, on the set and off. She began to learn something of the discipline required of a moving-picture actress.

“We must have some stills today, Miss Harlow.”

The publicity department must send out hundreds of pictures of her.

“The wardrobe department wants to see you, Miss Harlow.”

There were costumes to be tried on, fitted, altered, refitted, realtered, photographed, studied, approved. One fitting might take hours.

“We've got to try a new light on you, Miss Harlow. Stand here on this chalk mark. Don't move. Hold the pose. All right, cameras, if you're ready.”

“There's a newspaperman to interview you, Miss Harlow. He wants some confidential stuff on your back-

Lights and shadows... sudden fame,
bitter grief — The revealing inside
story of a brilliant, tragic career

By EDWARD DOHERTY

ground. He's heard you bake pies and cakes. Do you? Ever fool around a kitchen? Good. What time can you see him?"

"We're shooting the rushes at seven o'clock tonight, Miss Harlow. You'll have to be present, of course."

That was only part of it. There was also the diet, the hairdresser, the script girl who told her what to wear for the next shot, the director, the assistant director, the property man, the sound technicians—all of them demanding time, thought, and strict obedience.

After weary weeks the picture was done, and the strain lessened a little. Girls who have passed their final exams and know they will be graduated with honors, know, to some degree, how Jean felt when she learned the picture had been cut and put "in the can." They know too—at least those who have their diplomas—something of what she felt the night the picture was given its world première at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Such a première is always an event in Hollywood. Great multitudes gather early outside the cinema temple, and stand for hours, as close to the roped-off entrance as they can get, waiting for showtime.

Electricians work for days, fixing the lights just so—lights that bathe the theater entrance in the brilliance almost of noon.

A band plays stirring music as the hour approaches. Squads of police arrive to keep the crowds in order. Men with moving-picture cameras, men with sound trucks, men with microphones make their appearance, set up their apparatus.

Now the first movie stars appear. In great shiny limousines. The crowd billows forward against the ropes. The policemen shove them back.

"Back there, back! Come on. You'll see 'em all. Back of them ropes now, everybody."

A man in formal evening clothes gets out of a car and extends his hand to a woman in satin and ermine and glittering jewels. The names of the man and the woman are shouted all over the street. Cameras grind. The man with the mike asks both visitors to say a few words to the radio audience. People in the crowd yell greetings. Ushers swarm around the celebrities and escort them inside. Car after car draws up. The crowd grows wilder and wilder.

"There's Menjou. There's Gable. It's Mary Astor—I tell you I know her. Hi, Mary! There's Robert Montgomery. Who's that with him? There's Laurel. There's Hardy. There's Norma Shearer. Isn't she divine? There's Joan Crawford. There's Gaynor. I never saw her look more lovely. There's Charlie Chaplin. No, it isn't. Yes, it is. It is! Charlie! Hey, Charlie!"

Jean went to the première with Paul Bern. The crowd didn't know her; didn't know Bern. Half the celebrities didn't know Jean, though all of them knew Bern.

"Who's the girl with Paul Bern? The girl with the shiny hair? Is she in pictures? She's in this one? You don't mean it! So that's Jean Harlow!"

Jean spoke a few words into the mike. She was nervous, shy. She never remembered what she said. "Fine," Bern said, taking her arm. "A nice speech, Jean. Just right."

Jean looked up and saw her name burning in the marquee. She looked down and saw the footprints and handprints of famous stars set in the concrete. Her prints would be there some day.

Her racing heart slowed down a little after she had gained the asylum of the dark interior. The chill of doubt gnawed at her comfort and her triumph. In a little while the picture would be thrown on the screen. In a few minutes the elite of Hollywood would see Jean Harlow and pass judgment on her. Suppose they didn't like her!

People in the studio had liked the picture; said Jean was good in it, great, fine, outstanding. But maybe they were only being kind. Maybe they were too close to the picture and to Jean—the only woman featured in the cast. Maybe they didn't know.

This audience would know. You couldn't fool all these movie-wise people, all these great actors and actresses and directors and producers.

"Don't you worry," Paul Bern whispered to her. "When the picture is over you'll be famous, Jean. You'll be a star."

Sid Grauman usually stages a "prologue" before he shows the picture. There may be magicians, acrobats, clowns, fire-eaters, dancing girls, or singers—a hash of entertainment reminiscent of the old days of vaudeville.

The prologue usually lasts a long time—long enough at any rate to give the latest-arriving stars a chance to see the picture from the beginning.

The prologue this night seemed interminable to Jean. Why did they delay the picture? She couldn't wait. But eventually the house lights went out, and the picture titles flashed on the screen. Jean held tight to Paul Bern's hand and shut her eyes and prayed.

And there she was, a slim blonde girl coquetting with a British aviator. Speaking in a hard flat voice that rasped her own nerves and made her fidget in her seat.

"It's all right," Bern whispered. "It's fine. You're made, Jean. You're a hit. You're a sensation."

She was a trifle gawky. She was a bit unsure of herself. Her voice was the voice of the Midwest prairies. But there was something in her characterization that was real, compelling, something that more than compensated for her faults. It was that indefinable thing that Hollywood press agents have labeled "sex appeal."

"Like Clara Bow," Bern whispered, "you've got 'it,' Jean."

The rest of the night was a vague dream. Great stars came up to her to kiss her, to hug her, to tell her how good she was, to rave about her. Great directors came up—some begging introductions—to commend her, to ask her to play in pictures they were to direct.

Hell's Angels was one of the notable hits of the year. It made Jean Harlow a star, a big star. But it typed her. And, do what she would, say what she might, she was forever tarred with the character of the girl in that picture.

You hated that two-timing, cheating, fickle, cheap, insincere, drunken, vulgar little blonde. You were supposed to hate her. You were supposed to despise her.

Had the picture been a flop, Jean Harlow might have been given other roles. She might have been another Pickford, another Gaynor. But it was a success. Therefore no director would let Jean play any other role.

Howard Hughes gave her a long-time contract as a reward. Two hundred and fifty dollars a week. A pittance for a movie star. He loaned her out to other studios and made a profit on her work.

Jean was always glad to start a new picture, always hoped for a new role—but never got one.

"I don't want to play hard-boiled girls," she said. "It's so different from the real me. I hate the type. Why can't I be something else?"

Sometimes, talking of her discouragement and disappointment to her mother, she wept bitterly. But weeping did no good. Jean Harlow was a bad lot, and that's all there was to it. In private life she might be nice and sweet and lovable. But on the screen? Never!

In a personal-appearance tour that took her all over the United States, Jean tried to convey her real character to the public. She made thousands of friends. She was well received everywhere. But nobody believed she was any different from the girl she played.

For a year and a half she traveled with her mother and her stepfather, playing four or five shows a day in most of the big cities. It was a change from Hollywood, and Jean liked that. It was hard work, but she could be herself. She didn't have to watch her diet so religiously, didn't have to study all the time, didn't have to get up at dawn to be at the studio.

It was just travel, read fan mail forwarded from the last town and from Hollywood, answer it, make arrangements at the local theater, move into a hotel, give interviews to newspapermen, rehearse her act, keep in touch with her Hollywood agent, her tour agent, the press agent at the theater, carry out stunts arranged by publicity men, look through the current moving-picture magazines, appear on the stage every so often, sign autograph books and give out pictures of herself, see

that her wardrobe was in good order, learn the names of half a dozen new people every day, eat whenever there was time for it, sleep when she could, get ready for the next sleeper jump or the next one-night stand.

She was glad to get back to Hollywood again where there are no one-night stands; glad to hear that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted her; glad to see Paul Bern on the Metro lot.

Metro was about to make *The Secret Six* with Wallace Beery and a newcomer to the films, Clark Gable. Jean was offered a part in it.

"A nice part?"

"For you? Just right. You're a tough baby, and do you bowl 'em over!"

Jean sighed.

She could never get away from her screen self.

"Well, at least let me be a little funny," she begged.

"Or let me be a little bit nicer—if only at times. I can have a heart of gold, can't I, even if my manners are brass? I can handle comedy. I really can."

They only laughed. Everybody laughed but Bern.

Jean admired and respected Bern above all the men she had ever met, except perhaps her grandfather and her stepfather. He was about the same age as her stepfather. He looked a lot like him. He was kindly and sympathetic and wise and helpful. It was he who had done most to change her from a gawky, immature, harsh-voiced player into the capable actress she had become.

Bern was the good gray friar of Hollywood to whom all men and all women confided their sins and their woes; through whom they eased themselves of sorrow and were shrived. He was always to be seen in the company of glamorous women—even when those women were ill and neglected and forgotten.

Everybody loved him, and he seemed to have a heart for all the world. Life had been cruel to him and so had mellowed him. He was moody. He seldom laughed. He smiled much, but there was melancholy in his smile.

Men said queer things of him.

"I love him as though he were my own brother," they said. "No, much better than that. But there's an odd side to him—a dark, tortured side. He's clay into which God put violent passion—and no power to use it. That's the tragedy in his life—not the poverty, not the illnesses, not the bitter struggles he has known. He's a sensual soul imprisoned in an incapable body. And sometimes that soul gets the better of him. Poor devil."

Jean fell in love with Bern, or thought she did. It made no difference to her that he was twice her age, that his nationality and his religion were not hers, that even his closest friends spoke of him always with pity. She decided to marry him.

"It's weird," his friends said. "It's ridiculous. It's even a little obscene. What's Paul thinking about? Doesn't he realize that blonde is marrying him for what she can get out of him? Not dough. He ain't got any. He's given it all away to guys down on their luck and dames nobody else would look at. But he's got power and influence, and he can make his wife the biggest thing in pictures. But can you imagine any girl, especially such a sexy little thing as Harlow, selling herself to an impotent old man just to get a boost in the movies?"

"It's a shame," Jean's friends said. "It's a crime. A beautiful passionate girl like Jean walking with her eyes shut into a marriage like that. Doesn't she know? Why doesn't some one talk some sense into her?"

"They'll never marry," friends of both said. "They're just friends. Platonic friends. How could they be anything else? Jean's sympathies have got the better of her. She knows what a grand guy Paul is. And him—he always did go for a hot blonde like her. They think they're madly in love. But they'll never marry. They aren't crazy."

Jean's parents had established themselves in a hilltop house; and in her bedroom there, looking down on a panorama of lights that flicker from downtown Los Angeles far out into the Pacific, Jean answered fan letters night after night, studied her next day's scenes, and pondered on love and marriage.

Paul was so different from "Chuck." She had loved



"Why doesn't some one talk sense into her?" they said.

Chuck—or thought she did—as much as she now loved Paul—or thought she loved him.

And her love was so different.

There had been an intoxication in her love for young McGrew, a blind, mad, glad excitement, a thrilling joy. All that was missing in her feeling for Paul Bern.

But were madness and excitement and joy and thrills essential parts of love? Wasn't love as deep—and perhaps more enduring—without them? The intoxication of first love had left a hangover in her heart; and of the madness and the thrills there remained only the dregs of resentment and disillusion.

Her love for Bern was sane, Jean felt, and wholesome. And it was as intense as her love for Chuck McGrew had been—even more intense because her silly little-girl ideas of romance had been burned out of her by divorce.

And Bern had done so much for her. He had arranged to transfer her contract from Howard Hughes to Metro. He had arranged to obtain a new contract for her and a lot of money. He had helped her in a thousand different ways. He had done everything he could for her, and had never even asked to kiss her hand.

She loved him because he was noble, great of heart, steady, sober, wise, and sad. She loved him because he understood her—even as her beloved grandfather had always understood her when she was a little girl.

They made Red-Headed Woman together, Jean as the star in her first comedy role and her first wig, Bern as the associate producer. She was the same tough baby, but Bern saw that she was a lovable little tough.

Even before she had seen the preview of this picture, Jean knew it was a box-office success, realized she had become a comedienne. Bern had made her bigger than ever.

And so they were married.

It was a very quiet wedding. There were about two hundred friends present at the ceremony—the same number as the mourners who attended Jean Harlow's funeral last June.

Bern owned a beautiful hillside home in Benedict Canyon. He gave it to Jean as a wedding gift. In that home they began their married life, while Hollywood wondered and laughed and jeered and made up wise-cracks.

But Jean, if she was aware of Hollywood's attitude, didn't care. She was happy. Red-Headed Woman was a smashing hit, and she was making another. It couldn't fail. It was Red Dust. Clark Gable was her leading man.

Paul used to slip down on to the set—just as her grandfather used to sneak down from his office—to watch as Jean and Gable played their scenes. He never said much. He just stood by, looking on, but there was tenderness in his eyes.

Life was very full. Jean had the best part, thus far,

in her entire career. Fan mail was pouring in in great volumes. The future looked extremely bright. Paul was more considerate, more loving, more understanding than ever. It had been wise to marry him.

And then, one night when Jean had gone to her mother's home, Paul Bern sat down and wrote her a farewell note, stripped himself, and sent a bullet crashing into his head.

"Dearest Dear," the note read. "Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you."

It was signed "Paul," and there was a postscript: "You understand that last night was only a comedy."

Jean's life then and thereafter was filled with prying, snooping, suspicious, unsympathetic men and women—policemen, newspapermen, fans, busybodies, friends of the dead man, even her own close friends.

There were investigations upon investigations. There were rumors that it wasn't suicide; it was murder. There were rumors of another woman's being seen in the Benedict Canyon home the night Jean left for her mother's. There was a report that Paul and Jean had quarreled violently; that this was why she had left him.

"What did he mean by 'frightful wrong'?" people asked the widow.

"What did he mean, 'last night was only a comedy'?" Why did he kill himself? You know. Tell us."

Jean said nothing.

She let herself be crucified, but she kept silence.

It was only when several doctors had examined the body that the reason for Bern's suicide became apparent; that all suspicion pointing to Jean was proved nonsensical. Even then she held her tongue.

But she was not through with grief and horror.

The body of a woman was taken from the bottom of the Sacramento River and identified as that of Dorothy Millette, a girl Paul Bern had loved and aided years ago, a girl who had frequently called herself his wife; who had killed herself when she learned Paul Bern was dead.

"Was she really his wife?" people asked. "Did he ever tell you about her? Was she the woman they said was with him the night he killed himself?"

Only one question did Jean answer:

"What are you going to do now—leave Hollywood—quit the movies—go for a long cruise—what?"

"I'm going back to work," she said. "There's nothing else I can do."

Work, and a desperate struggle to forget. Then new triumphs—and a new love flaming from the ashes of tragedy. Next week's final chapter reveals the true Jean Harlow behind the glittering mask she wore before the world—and discloses the truth behind her death.

GET YOUR BREAKFAST-TABLE NEWS THE NIGHT BEFORE!

Tune in these stations for the late evening news brought to you by one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

WABC—New York . . . ANDRE BARUCH

11 P.M., D.S.T., each weekday, except Thursday

CKLW—Detroit JOE GENTILE

6.15 P.M., E.S.T., each weekday, except Sunday

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo recalls a foremost British journalist. In '96 he established the first highly successful halfpenny morning newspaper England had known.

He was made a viscount in 1917 as the result of his work as chairman of the British War Mission to the U. S. Who?

2—What is the Land of Forty Thousand Lakes?

3—Which song hit displays an ignorance of locality and time?

4—A key and tweezers come in handy for which kind of sting?

5—Why is hot pepper so freely used in

"hot countries"?

6—About how many Bible characters were there whose names began with Z?

7—Which movie stars are suggested by an additional quantity, a barrel repairer, an escalator?

8—Kew, kewp, and ta mean what in London, England?

9—What high-hatted bandsman, a favorite in 1917, still inquires if everybody's happy?

10—Which stimulating drug is obtained from purple foxglove?

11—About how long is Long Island?

12—How many letters are there in the Hawaiian alphabet?

13—How frequently



can a mature elephant be a mama?

14—About how many miles of roads or highways are there in the world?

15—Its tops for salad; its roots for adulterating a beverage—what is it?

16—Who was the first white child to be born of English parents on American soil?

17—What was the capital of the U. S. when Washington became President?

18—What are the last names of the writers: Charles Emmett —, Robert William —, Louisa May —?

19—What ex-capital is on the Neva River delta at the head of the Gulf of Finland?

20—Who piloted the first mail plane in 1931 from Miami to Panama?

(Answers will be found on page 54)



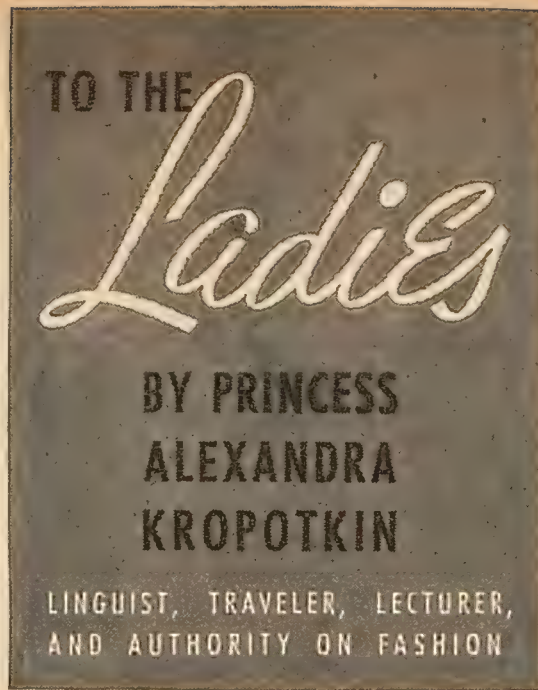
MARY SHANLEY knows about pickpockets. She's one of the six young women, smart and good-looking, who do detective work for the New York Police Department. Not long ago she won promotion for capturing a couple of gunmen single-handed. Wasn't in her regular line, but it drew attention to her. Soon after that I met her and we had a talk about pickpockets, her real specialty. Here's what I learned:

Plain-clothes women, like Mary Shanley, are needed to detect lady pickpockets who operate among crowds of feminine shoppers in department stores, where men detectives would be too conspicuous. . . . Beware, says Mary, of department-store pickpockets around the millinery counters and dress-goods counters. While you are trying on hats, one of them may put her own hat down over your handbag, thus purloining it. Or they sneak money out of your bag when they see you're intent on the task of matching dress materials.

Seat tippers get your bag at the movies. You put your bag on a vacant seat beside you. They sit in the row behind, tip up your adjacent seat with a foot—usually when you are thrilled by a love scene. Your bag slides to the floor. The seat tipper fishes it up and vanishes.

Experienced pickpockets, female or male, seldom reform. They always promise to, but they don't. Quite a few of the lady pickpockets are women who wouldn't need to steal if they didn't gamble—bridge or the races. On Lincoln's Birthday Mary Shanley caught a mink-coated beauty picking pockets in a five-and-ten store; arrested her. The culprit in mink was indignant. "Here it is a national holiday," she protested, "and nice weather, too! I thought sure all you detectives would be off having a good time!" It was her twenty-fourth offense.

In detective language all pickpockets are *dips*, but Mary Shanley and her police colleagues have special names for the different dip classifications. Beginners are *patch-pocket workers*—do their dipping in winter, when we wear heavy overcoats with big outside pockets. Next in skill come the *fob-pocket workers*, veterans who know all the tricks but whose



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



MARY SHANLEY

old fingers are no longer nimble enough for the game. They pluck small change from the loose clothing of elderly women and men. The aristocrat is the *pants-pocket worker*, prowling alone, or with one accomplice, in theater or subway throngs. He who actually picks the pocket is called the *wire*, the *hook*, or the *gun*. His assistant is the *jostler*, or the *stall*.

Because they themselves enjoy prize fights and baseball, and don't want to risk being banned from these sporting events, professional pickpockets rarely work at fights or ball games. They *do* work in church. Well known (and bitterly despised) by the police is the *creeper*—the pickpocket who creeps inch by inch along the floor of a church to rob the handbags of praying women.

In her spare time Mary Shanley often reads detective stories, finds them helpful, favors the Anthony Abbot books and scientific crime tales from the French.

Her cousin—also named Mary Shanley—is a schoolteacher. Teacher Mary's schoolboys used to be hard to manage, but they have been much easier since Cousin Mary, the detec-

tive, caught those two gunmen single-handed.

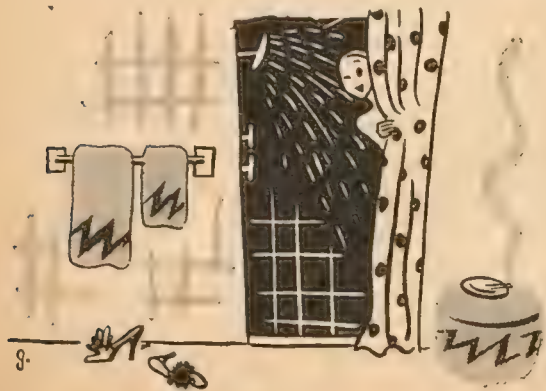
● A friend of mine believes you can tell whether a woman is modern or not by her use or nonuse of shower baths. "Modern women of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, take showers," says my observant friend. "Old-fashioned girls of all ages take only tub baths." Is this the whole truth, or just a half-truth? I take showers *and* tubs. Am I old-fashioned, modern, or both?

● Nine thousand dollars to have your ears pierced for earrings. Not bad pay, if you can get it. That's how much the granddaughter of the last Queen of Burma is demanding. Her grandmother, Supi-yaw-lat, mentioned by Rudyard Kipling in his famous poem, *Mandalay*, asked and received thirty-five thousand dollars for the elaborate ceremony that attends the piercing of the ears of a royal lady in the Orient. The British government paid. Now her granddaughter, also named Supi-yaw-lat, asks only nine thousand dollars for the same job. A considerable come-down—bargain rate in fact.

● Marjorie Hillis wrote *Live Alone and Like It*. Her new book, *Orchids on Your Budget*, tells how a woman can live smartly on a small income. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

● Sometime you'll want to serve a genuinely elegant dinner—perhaps when your husband's boss is the guest. For such an occasion I recommend squabs, Normandy style.

Fix 4 plump squabs as for roasting, but do not stuff them. Place in fireproof dish, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of thyme. Pour melted butter over them and bake slowly for 40 minutes. Dice 2 slices bacon quite small, throw in boiling water for 1 minute, strain, and scatter over squabs. Slice 3 potatoes very thin, fry lightly in butter, lay on the squabs. For gravy use 1 cup canned consommé thickened with a little flour, 2 tablespoons sherry wine, 1 scant tablespoon lemon juice. Add gravy to birds and bake 15 minutes. Plain lettuce salad with French dressing should accompany this dish.



FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

YOUNG Bill Madison's loveless marriage to Harriet Vail—the climax of a drinking spree to forget his jilting by Roberta Redmond, who eloped with his father—has brought about sorry, heartbreaking results.

On the verge of seeking a divorce, so he'll be free to wed lovely Anne Moore, Bill learns Harriet is going to have his baby, conceived, she says, the night of their gin wedding. Bill smothers his dreams of happiness with Anne and remains with Harriet. His Aunt Delia, however, not knowing this secret, dies believing her wish that Anne and Bill will marry will be fulfilled. Delia's will provides a generous settlement for Anne.

Up until this crisis Bill is unconcerned about Harriet's friendship with her old admirer, Ivan Marky. Her extravagance causes him some alarm, but it is the news from Travers, the Madison butler, that Ivan had visited the apartment frequently, that brings about a showdown. Harriet tells Bill her young sister is married to the worthless Ivan, and the money she has been giving him is for their support. Bill accepts her story, but secretly asks his attorney to investigate.

On the eve of Bill's and Harriet's scheduled departure for an exploring trip in Africa, the lawyer informs Bill that Harriet has no sister.

Meantime, alone in the Park Avenue apartment, Harriet receives a surprise visit from Ivan. Enraged at learning from headlines of the secretly planned departure, the drunken artist at first threatens her, then, determined to obtain enough money to provide him with the necessary medical attention his physician has ordered—a year in a sanatorium—Ivan drinks a farewell toast to Harriet, then commands her to open the safe wherein are kept the Madison pearls.

PART NINE—MEMORIES . . AND GRIM REALITY

IF Anne Moore had followed her impulse to try to reach Bill by telephone at his club on that evening before his sailing date, a great many things might have been different. She was to think of this often and tragically in the days to come.

Or if Dr. Runyon had stopped in to see Bill in his apartment—as he almost did—on his walk up Park Avenue around eleven o'clock that night, he, too, might have been a pawn that would have changed the outcome of the game that Fate was playing. And the doctor, too, was to think of this bitterly days later.

But Anne's modesty, or sense of helplessness, or feeling that she might only add to Bill's unhappiness, kept her from telephoning him to meet her for a long farewell.

And Dr. Runyon—telling himself not to be an interfering old busybody; that Bill Madison was mature and sane and sound enough to follow his own lifework and take care of his own health—walked reluctantly on past Bill's apartment house. In fact he passed it just three minutes before Bill entered the front door.

Bill was purposely late in returning home. He wanted Harriet to be asleep. After learning from his lawyer that once again she had lied—that she had no sister,

either married to Ivan Marky or not married to him—he was too heartsick to face her. Let her sleep! Her beautiful lips couldn't tell lies when they were sealed in sleep. And her strange, clever mind would busy itself with the stuff of dreams, not of falsehoods.

Yes, let her sleep. And let him sleep too—if he could! Tomorrow was another day. Things would have to be cleared up then.

Tomorrow? . . . They would be sailing. . . . Bill thought of the long trip together ahead of them. Days on the steamer. Days on planes. . . . He wondered if they would be able to recapture any bit of the comradeship they had known on that other crossing. . . . Harriet was a good comrade but a bad wife. . . . Or was that fair? Wasn't he, Bill, also at fault? She offered so much—he took so little. . . . But he couldn't love her—nothing on earth could make him. Not even the child—he groaned as he thought of it—that she was going to have! . . . No, there'd be little even of comradeship on this trip. Too many lies stood in the way. . . . His true comrade would be his memory of Anne—as she had been that night of Delia's death—her face shining with a light beyond this world, her voice winging its way straight to his heart, as she said, "I love you, Bill!" . . . Anne's spirit would walk with him in the jungles—

He would leave Harriet in Kabinda—or send her down to Cape Town if necessary—and after that, for him—release! Slow hot journeying up some slimy inland river. Scents, sights, bodily menace of the jungle. And if the jungle got him? That would be the easy way out. If it didn't? Then this trip would be his greatest. Because on it no recklessness would be too stupid, no danger too much to face!

Bill put his key in the lock. The dimly lighted patio with its eternally splashing fountain greeted him. The large apartment beyond waited for him. The ballroom floor was now entirely dry. No telltale trails of water lurked there to show that some one had been running in the rain. The bedrooms were all empty, every one. On the floor of Harriet's dressing room was a damp torn chartreuse-green negligee. And from her closet an evening wrap had been snatched so hurriedly that its padded hanger had been hurled into the middle of the floor.

There were cigarette ashes on the rug, and a chair had been overturned.

These things Bill didn't know. But he did know that from his father's study a current of damp air was blowing. Which struck him as unusual negligence. He went in to investigate.

"Thing must have been left unlatched," he said, as he fastened the French window against the now quiet but still gently raining night. While he was there, he went to the liquor cabinet and poured himself a nightcap. . . . He noticed two empty bottles.

"Hmm! Some one's had a drinking party! . . . Yes!"

His eye now caught the empty glasses on the smoking-stands. Messy, having them left there! He frowned. Must be Travers' night off.

A swift, dramatic interlude in a novel of strangely tangled lives

Suddenly Bill envied Travers. Wish I had a night off sometime! he thought. Off from responsibilities, duties, burdens of birth, position, money. Servants don't know how lucky they are.

Bill dropped into the chair recently vacated by Ivan Marky. He studied the pale amber liquid in his glass thoughtfully. Then he said aloud, "Or maybe servants aren't lucky. I wonder if any one is? After all, people from Peoria to Park Avenue at some time in their lives doubtless find themselves facing problems as unbeatable as mine. . . . Some people haven't money. I have. But some people have their loves. I haven't mine. . . . Ah, well, maybe Fate arranges it fairly, after all! She piles on what the traffic'll bear, keeps the ratio the same, the struggle equally hard—"

Bill finished his Scotch-and-soda, and remembered he had a few necessary things to do before the morrow's departure.

He went to his own study, passing Harriet's door quietly, thinking not to wake her. He brought back his handwritten script of Bantu Beginnings in Ancient Africa, took it to his father's steel wall safe.

A typed copy was already in the hands of his publishers. But accidents happen. And a writer is a fool who doesn't safeguard original manuscripts until the book is safely on the press.

Bill worked the combination, opened the two thick

metal doors, and stored his fat bundle of paper inside.

As he did this, his eye fell on a closed white-velvet case.

"Mother's pearls," he said gently.

He took the little casket in his hands. . . . He could vaguely remember his mother. She had been a lovely, gracious person, with hair as dark as his, but with blue eyes—as blue as Anne's! He remembered her most vividly in evening dress, leaning over his bed, with pearls—doubtless these—on her neck, and a flower fragrance in her good-night kiss.

That good-night kiss had been ritual. No matter how important the party to which she had been going, no matter how many guests rustled and murmured, waiting for her in the big house beyond Bill's nursery door, the good-night ceremony always took place. . . . And then the day had come—too cruelly soon—when it had been small Bill leaning over his mother's bed to kiss her a long good night. And she was gone.

Bill said to himself now, as he stood by the safe in his father's study, "Women I love go so quickly! . . . Mother, Roberta, Delia, Anne—" Then he thought of Harriet, who wouldn't go quickly!

He fondled the velvet box. . . . He was glad that his father hadn't seen fit to give these pearls to Roberta. And he knew that he, Bill, would never give them to Harriet. . . . He thought, against his will, of other pearls—Delia's—on Anne's white neck. He was fiercely

glad that she had them. He wished he might add these to them, might some day fasten these at her nape under the tawny beauty of her curling hair. . . . These were finer than Delia's, a longer rope, better matched—

Bill opened the case. He couldn't believe his eyes! Nothing! White-satin emptiness!

He whirled about. He rang for Travers. Then remembered Travers was out. He stepped swiftly to the long windows. One had been open. . . . But no; they gave only on the completely isolated terrace high above Park Avenue. No one other than a steeplejack could have entered that way.

Bill lighted more lights in the somber study. He looked around for some sign of an intruder. And, in doing so, he saw something on the floor. It lay there directly under the rifled safe. It was a trivial little chiffon flower—one of the handmade kind that frequently adorn expensive negligees. It was pink. Bill, with a sickening sensation, recognized it. It belonged on the negligee that Harriet had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten night when she had told him she was carrying his child. . . . But Harriet—here—at this safe? Unthinkable! . . . Then his eye fell on the two glasses—two! . . .



Ivan stood up, supporting himself by the table. "He's drunk!" Harriet pleaded.

"I Warn Men Against Using Misfit Blades"

—says St. Paul Druggist

Users Praise Teamwork of
Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade



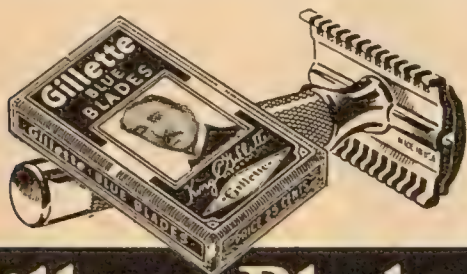
H. H. Bodsgard, 783 Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



H. B. Miller, 5511 Wash. Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Enjoy The 'Teamwork' Shave
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MEN, if you are not enjoying real shaving comfort, you are probably using MISFIT blades in your Gillette Razor. The shaving edges of a misfit blade do not fit accurately in your Gillette Razor. Too much edge leaves your face raw and irritated! Too little edge causes the razor to skip over the bristles and you don't get a clean shave. Why experiment? The Gillette Blade and Gillette Razor are made for each other. They work perfectly together in giving you the best in shaving comfort. Buy Gillette Blades today!



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Still unthinkable but possible—If she would lie for Ivan, she might also steal for him!

He leaped to the telephone. But he had no intention of calling police headquarters. Secrecy, speed, caution—all were important. But particularly secrecy. This was one time when the papers must have no Madison to roast for a public barbecue! And what a roasting—what a barbecue—if what Bill feared should be true!

Bill had scarcely put his hand to the telephone when it rang. He answered it.

"Hello, is Hat—is Mrs. Madison there?" came the troubled and slightly accented voice of Mrs. Vallero. Bill recognized it. . . . He liked Mrs. Vallero; liked all the Valleros. There was a hard-working honesty about them, a simplicity, and a naïve pride in the grandeur of their bright daughter's estate that touched Bill's heart. . . . He was sorry for Mrs. Vallero now. If what he thought was true, he'd have to protect her—by keeping everything quiet—as well as his father.

"No, Harriet isn't here, Mrs. Vallero. . . . What? . . . She said she was coming to spend the night with you? . . . And that was four hours ago? . . ."

Bill looked hastily around the room for inspiration. Anything to calm the maternal fear in this poor woman's soul!

"Mrs. Vallero, I can explain that. . . . Some friends came in just as she was leaving—to give her a farewell party. They all went out somewhere together. You'll probably hear from her soon. Or maybe they'll drive her home. . . . No, don't you worry. They're good drivers. . . . Good night."

And now Bill put in the call he had planned to make before this interruption. . . .

"Hello—Morocco? . . . I want to speak to a waiter named Ivan Marky. Vitally important. . . . What? . . . Fired? When? . . . Several weeks ago? . . . Do you know where he is? . . . Thank you, I think I can find him!"

BILL picked up his Panama hat, closed the safe, and went out. He had no definite idea as to procedure. He merely knew that he had to work alone.

The doorman, when very casually questioned, told him that—yes—Mrs. Madison and an escort had left an hour ago, driving south.

Bill jumped into a cab. He gave the Greenwich Village address of Harriet's Band of Untrammelled Workers.

And on that fairly long drive down Fifth Avenue—through the sweet moist refreshment of August rain—Bill reviewed the chaos that was his present life. Fantastic he knew it to be. But somehow without power to touch him! Already he seemed to have slipped back into the strangely fatalistic mood that had been his during jungle fever. Bill was even surprised—as the taxi slid along on

wet streets, stopped for red lights, lurched ahead on green—at the ease with which he seemed able to keep life at bay. The ease with which he was able to look on it dispassionately. . . .

Delia is dead, two days buried—Lord, I disapprove of funerals! . . . He thought of the beautiful stifling ceremony at St. Bartholomew's, where the very air seemed dead with the passing of thousands of flowers.

He thought of his father, grim, shaken. Roberta, helpful. . . . Harriet, dry-eyed because untouched. And Anne—white-faced, spiritual—her red hair startling under her little black hat. Anne, who might have been the spirit of Delia's girlhood returning to say Godspeed to the spirit of Delia's old age! . . . Anne, whom he loved! Anne, who was lost to him! . . .

LEAVING only Harriet. Always Harriet. . . . My wife is a liar, perhaps a thief, Bill told himself. But she is going to be the mother of my child! Poor kid, I hope it will be all Madison! . . . And I—I ride here—past the Washington Arch now—I wonder why on earth the sculptor gave us on one side Washington with his hat and on the other, Washington without it? . . . Why two Washingtons on one arch? Bill checked himself.

Perhaps I've gone through so much lately that I'm numb! he apologized to himself. Or cracking under it?

He stepped out of the cab—asking the driver to wait—into a dank-smelling alley off McDougall Street. The children that usually screamed and chased over these cobbles were all sleeping now in their crowded little airless flats. But some of their parents still sat on the doorsteps, grateful for the rain that had cooled the August atmosphere and laid the August dust.

Bill was glad that he wasn't in dinner clothes, glad that his panama was sufficiently rain-wilted to be congruous in these surroundings.

The building facing him, home of the Band of Untrammelled Workers, which he had once visited with Harriet, was an old gray-stone stable. But now even the memory of the horses was no more than a faint smell. The huge doors, through which carriages of the great and rich used to pass, had long since been firmly boarded over. The Band of Untrammelled Workers had seen fit to paint them blue; and Bill could just faintly distinguish in the misty glow from the street lamp a pattern of startlingly surrealistic designs on them.

The small door of the lower hallway—at the right of this barred entrance—was wide open. Into it rain was idly falling. Bill entered, along with the rain. On his right a big not-too-well-lighted auditorium—if what had once been a carriage storehouse could be called that—still harbored a motley crew of chatting artists. They seemed to be having a party; drinks were in evidence. Or maybe it was an exhibition; several gaudy daubs of paintings hung on the

walls, as well as some fairly interesting charcoal studies for murals—which were Ivan’s. But Bill couldn’t know that, nor would he have cared. He peered in, looking for Ivan or Harriet. He hated to interrupt these people. They seemed so happy in their fierce arguments. Here again was no sign of responsibility, duty—they seemed as carefree as children. Were all their nights—“nights off”

“What can I do for you?” a small but breasty girl in sweater and checked skirt asked.

“Ivan Marky here?”

“Upstairs, I think. His room’s first on left, third floor.”

“Thank you.”

“Not at all.” She smiled at him impudently. “Want to see our show?”

“Later perhaps.”

“Pretty late now.”

“It is. I must hurry. Thank you.”

He climbed the dark stairs.

At the first door, left, on the third floor he halted. It was closed. But a slit of light came from under it—and the sound of swift low voices in fierce argument.

Not until he heard Harriet’s voice cry, “Let me go!” did Bill open the surprisingly unresisting door.

The sight that faced him was one that he would never forget. It was like a scene in a Russian play. Tall gray-white walls, lighted with strips of old footlights suspended at odd angles in the air—so that Ivan might get shadowless light for night painting. It was a hot grimy loft, littered with easels, paint pots, an untidy bed, a table with dirty dishes, empty glasses. Hot wet air drifted in through listless cheesecloth curtains at the tall windows.

THERE was a screen in the corner, behind which Ivan’s models—when he had money enough to pay models—dressed and undressed.... All these details Bill took in without even being conscious of having looked at them. It was the sight of the two actors in the drama that caught and held his attention. For facing each other across the table sat Harriet and Ivan Marky. His hands were fastened tightly on her wrists.

And on the table between them, spread gloriously on a red-checked napkin, lay Bill’s mother’s pearls.

“Well, well, well!” breathed Ivan, letting go of Harriet. “Fancy seeing you here!” He pushed his chair back but didn’t rise. His twisted dark smile mocked Bill.

Harriet gasped. Her face turned livid. And Bill thought quickly, This—for all her control, for all her bringing it on herself—will be bad for her! Snatches of old wives’ tales chased through his mind—marking of babies in first months of carriage, abnormalities, deformities. He must handle this swiftly, calmly, without danger to her.

“Harriet!” he commanded quickly. “There’s a cab waiting downstairs. Go get into it at once!”

She had never heard him use that voice before. She rose.



*"You have an enemy
— a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"*

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties — but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you — but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde.
It's you, yourself, my dear!"

• • •

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"Well, well, well!" Ivan shouted this time. "Enter hero! Exit heroine!" He stood up, supporting himself by the table. "Villain applauds!"

"He's drunk!" Harriet pleaded stupidly, wrapping a silk evening cloak about her. "He forced me to—I thought if I came, I could—"

"Drunk," interrupted Ivan, "as I said before, my pearl, with power! Run along, vanish, mind your master! *Bon voyage!*"

"Oh—Bill!"

"Go at once, Harriet!"

The door closed behind her. She stood several minutes, trembling on the landing outside. But Bill opened the door.

"I asked you to go down and get in the cab."

"Yes, Bill." She walked down into the half-lit darkness.

Bill faced the grinning madman at the table.

Ivan laughed gently. "I love melodrama!" he proclaimed. "Not modern farce-melodrama, but good old-fashioned stuff with guts! . . . This situation, now—has guts! . . . Have a drink?" He coughed.

"Thank you, no. I'll just take my mother's pearls and leave."

"No—no—softly now!" Ivan's lean claw splayed out over the pearls. "I understand your sentiment. Man's best friend his mother and all that! . . . Good stuff! *But* those pearls are mine! I need them in my business—or lack of it! . . . *Sit down*, will you? I'm tired!" Ivan dropped to his chair, black head bent.

Bill moved purposefully toward the table.

Ivan lifted cunning eyes. His hand was in his pocket, out again. The blue gleam of a silencer-equipped revolver made sudden contrasts with the red and white checks of the tablecloth. The room was very still.

Ivan toyed with the weapon. Bill stood quietly opposite him.

"I've always felt," sighed Ivan, "that a gun's a weak man's weapon!"

"It is."

"But I'm a weak man! Aren't we all?"

Ivan raised the gun, sighted an imaginary object in the air an inch above Bill's head.

"A weak man," he murmured,

"but a crack shot! Even when drunk, a crack shot! . . . Ever seen a three-cushion billiards champ play when drunk? Their precision's marvelous, their hands steady even when, like me, they can't stand on their feet!"

Bill stood motionless. Ivan fired. Only a muffled report came. But a vase on a shelf far behind Bill pitched forward, neatly split.

"Think nothing of it," said Ivan. "I remind myself of William Tell every time I indulge in such cheap theatricality. . . . I could talk better if you'd sit," he complained peevishly. "Man standing always has psychological advantage over seated antagonist! . . . Rule One for young salesmen. I learned that long ago. Did me no good. I knew it, and still I starved! I made as poor a salesman as I did a waiter. Which brings us to my point. It is this—I will make a damned fine artist—if I live. And, thanks to your mother's pearls, I will! For a while."

"Yes?"

BUT yes! Indubitably!"

Ivan was relaxed now. He still, however, caressed his weak man's weapon.

Bill was waiting his chance.

"You know," Ivan's smile was suddenly disarmingly beautiful, friendly, "I can keep those pearls without this gun. . . . Oh, yes. They are a gift! Mine. Your wife gave them to me! I'd bet you money, if I had any, that you wouldn't summon police or newspaper reporters in a case like this. . . . Think how this affair would—shall I be Shakespearean and say 'stink' in the newspapers?"

Bill leaped forward.

But he had counted on Ivan's being drunker than he was. Or, at least, less alert.

Bill saw Ivan's face suddenly magnified a hundred times. Heard a chuckle—or perhaps a muffled thud. Then—Bill knew only walls of blackness. Silence.

Is death the price Bill must pay for loyalty to his wife? Or is there a less tragic way out? How deeply implicated is Harriet? What becomes of Ivan? Of Anne? You'll find the solution to this strange puzzle of modern hearts in next week's tense concluding installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

- 1—Viscount Northcliffe (1865-1922).
- 2—Finland.
- 3—Where or When.
- 4—A bee sting. The hollow end of the key is employed to press the flesh until the sting is squeezed forth sufficiently to be pulled out with the tweezers.
- 5—Because an alkaloid of pepper, piperine, has a cooling effect upon the body inasmuch as it induces perspiration.
- 6—There are eighty-seven different personal names in the Bible beginning with the letter Z, representing 188 individuals, including twenty-seven Zechariahs, twelve Zichris, nine Zebadiahs, nine Zadoks, seven Zabads, seven Zaccurs, seven Zerahs, and five Zedekiahs.
- 7—Grace (or Victor) Moore, Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire.
- 8—Thank you.

- 9—Ted Lewis.
- 10—Digitalis.
- 11—One hundred and eight miles.
- 12—Twelve.
- 13—Once in ten years (if not a bull!).
- 14—Almost ten million miles, according to the Automobile Manufacturers Association.
- 15—Chicory.
- 16—Virginia Dare, born on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on August 18, 1587.
- 17—New York, New York.
- 18—Van Loan, Chambers, Alcott.
- 19—Leningrad, formerly capital of the Russian Empire.
- 20—

Charles L. Lindbergh

U.S. SENDS TEMPLE TO INDIA!

Notes on a Hollywood maneuver that would have surprised Mr. Kipling—and a Powell-Rainer adventure in espionage and love

★ ★ ★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Recommended for children

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Michael Whalen, Cesar Romero, Constance Collier, Douglas Scott, Gavin Muir, Willie Fung, Brandon Hurst, Lionel Pape, Clyde Cook, Lauri Beatty, Lionel Braham, Mary Forbes, Cyril McLaglen, Pat Somerset, Hector Sarno, George Hassell. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Julien Josephson based on a story by Rudyard Kipling. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 100 minutes.

WE doubt if that exponent of British colonial supremacy, Rudyard Kipling, despite all his vivid imagination, could have conceived Shirley Temple as his Wee Willie Winkie. Mr. Kipling has been adapted to the cuteness, the appeal, the box-office lure of little Shirley. Yet the result, whatever the damage to Kipling, is the best Shirley Temple film we ever have starred.

The background is northern India, where Britain guards the narrow mountain passes to savagery, mystery, and lost horizons. Little Wee Willie Winkie befriends a captured chieftain, and later, when Englishman is arrayed against tribesman and cruel guerrilla warfare is about to flare, she is able, through this friendship, to bring the leaders together in peace. "East is East and West is West," sang Kipling—but, of course, he never saw our Shirley Temple.

Yet the film has vitality and vigor. This is chiefly due to Victor McLaglen's humorous, rugged playing of a tough kilted sergeant of the Scotch Highlanders who guard the pass. And do not discount little Miss Temple, who is growing up a bit, as the messenger of light and good will. She is pleasantly direct and unaffected. You will like C. Aubrey Smith as a brusque old colonel, pretty June Lang as Shirley's young widowed mama.

The big scene? When Sergeant McLaglen, shot in action, expires as little Shirley sings Auld Lang Syne. And it isn't bathos, either, thanks to the little star and to Victor.

VITAL STATISTICS: Intellectual note: Shirley Brains Temple was promoted from third to fourth grade during filming. Got all A's from teacher Frances Klamt, highest possible mark, and really deserved them. Those curls are actual and not machine made. World-wide kewpie of light, love, and good behavior, she is upended and spanked for first movie time herein by screen mother June Lang. Deserved spanking, too—for trampling the petunia beds, and in and out of mud puddles, and saucily refusing to explain. This spanking will undoubtedly influence millions of mothers who have always explained to their kids that Shirley Temple was never naughty. Look for a tan wave all over the world. Spanking was only decided on after many days of headachy conferences attended by studio bigwigs, child psychologists, etc., Mrs. Temple insisting Shirley get the tanning because that's what she'd have done had Shirley been that naughty in real life. Next, Shirley will do all the old Mary Pickford pictures. . . .

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS — EXCELLENT 2 STARS — GOOD
1 STAR — POOR 0 STAR VERY POOR



Co-stars in Kipling's Wee Willie Winkie—Shirley Temple and Scotch Highlander Victor McLaglen.

Afghan frontier was simulated in the Santa Susana Range forty miles from Hollywood. This tumult of eroded stone's a ringer for certain parts of Khyber Pass. . . . Pathans used are real Indians, East and Western variety, Filipinos, and dyed cowboys. . . . Married: June Lang Vlassek, Bohemian Swede, ex-kiddy actress, and child of Hollywood, to Victor Orsatti, Hollywood agent. Divorced: Producer Gene Markey, novelist, bon vivant, and good fellow, from twice-married Joan Bennett. . . . Kipling, Hollywood admits, is coming through as the ace children's writer. . . . This is George Hassell's last part. Old-time British character man and music-comedy comic, also veteran of British frontier fighting, he died one morning on way to the Santa Susana location. . . . Magnificently brutish Victor McLaglen used to tote kilts in his British army days. Likes beer, swears, rides enormous distances for exercise, has an Arab valet with whom he chats pure Arabic. . . . C. Aubrey Smith is about the only Englishman in Hollywood who can play cricket, take daily tiffin, and smell of tweed and tobacco, and really mean it. He's seventy-four, never lets it get him, is sounder than you or I, lives high over the fog line in the hills back of Bev overlooking it all. Is sold on Hollywood forever; wouldn't trade it for all the boroughs in England. . . . Co-adaptor Julien Josephson is one of Hollywood's veteran screenwriters. Once a grocer in Oregon, Josephson won a fan-mag contest for an original story for Charles Ray. Gave up the grocery business to emigrate to Hollywood, where he rose to \$1,000-a-week heights. Invested practically all his earnings in real estate in strange parts of the world.

★ ★ ½ THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Luise Rainer, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Morgan, Henry Stephenson, Bernadene Hayes, Donald Kirke, Douglas Dumbrille, Charles Waldron, Len Wulf, Barnett Parker, Frank Reicher, Bert Roach, Paul Porcasi, E. E. Clive, Emma Dunn, Frank Conroy. Screen play by Monckton Hoffe and Harold Goldman from the novel by Baroness Orczy. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS involved romance of political intrigue and international spies from the pen of the Baroness Orczy is done sumptuously, ornately, carefully. Yet it gets nowhere in particular.

Here you have two secret workers—one, the suave William Powell, for Poland; the other, the decorative Luise Rainer, for Russia—pitting their wits against each other, until love comes. Incriminating letters of international importance are hidden in the secret chambers of a pair of candlesticks, and the two battle through the picture to get possession of the secrets.

Unfortunately, the proceedings are old-fashioned in motivation, far too complicated, and not a little boring to follow. Mr. Powell is pleasant and distinguished enough as the Baron Stephan Wolensky to get by, although it is not anywhere near his best role. Miss Rainer, on the other hand, falls down pretty completely in the part of the glamorous Countess Olga.

The expert cast—and it is a big one—does everything possible to breathe the breath of life into the affair. Unfortunately, The Emperor's Candlesticks is hopelessly dated. It belongs to the simple prewar days when we



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All based on material furnished by Jack Benny himself, skillfully blended to make a perfect program, Jack's "Vacation Broadcast" will go far to make up to you his absence from the air during the coming months. By all means read this sprightly feature—it's an innovation in the radio fans' own magazine.

Radio
MIRROR

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

were satisfied with elaborately embroidered international intrigue. Then spies were charming figures of romance. Now we know them for what they are—spawn of the devil, paving the way for a war to orphan millions of children.

VITAL STATISTICS: After two years in America, Luise Rainer still doesn't fit into the Hollywood pattern. Skitters around in slacks and sweater, followed by a moth-eaten almost-Scotty; looks shy and hurt should your glance fall on her. Very individualistic, that Academy gold dingus award hasn't changed her. She avoids tables flanking the dance floors at hachafés; is happiest only striding the hills with \$3,000-a-week radical playwright husband Cliff Odets.

St. Thomas' in New York and other swank churches. Tried his hand at ad selling for the old Boston Traveller, then took a crack at real-estating, failed pretty badly, went West to punch cows. Brother Ralph got him started acting. . . . Douglas Dumbrille's sneered at every one famous on the screen; is a Hamilton, Ontarian, son of a Canadian revenoo man. Is married, has two children; leads the quiet life; is unprofessionally English; is probably most hated of screen heavies today; is never out of a part. . . . Bernadene Hayes is of St. Louis. As a child played the child in Ten Nights in a Barroom. . . . Prop man George Lee had following problems: Fly landed on Powell's head; he had to produce a swatter. Miss Rainer had a run in her stocking; had to sew it up. Director Fitzmaurice needed a cup of tea; out had to come saucers, tea, etc., from prop box, which contained, among other things, hairpins, dice, cards, medals and badges for Polish police, socks, daggers, guns, handcuffs, goggles, glasses, tools, bolted cloths,

Again!

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AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES
PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.**

Writes and sculps on the side; plays field hockey; rides, sails, and arches. Was sixteen when she left her Vienna home under pretext of visiting her grammaw, went to Düsseldorf, Germany, instead, enrolled in Luise Dumont theater, got a part in half an hour. To Reinhardt two years later, decided to go on the screen after seeing Helen Hayes in Farewell to Arms. Was imported thereafter to Hollywood, unable to speak English. Learned it on way over. . . . Will Powell in past seven years has not been farther east than Boulder Dam, he's been that busy. Longs for New York; is homesick even for Grant's Tomb, the Aquarium, the Statue of Liberty, and all the rest of the yokelures. Powell took on ten pounds during this; tries to keep at 162, worrying about his waistline. Thinks that when that goes, so goes romance. Is extremely untemperamental; doesn't make friends too rapidly; kisses telephone gals' hands; wouldn't like to be penniless; would hate to return to the soil. He never complains about his parts; thinks that's the way to get good ones. Has yet to have a poor part; rarely changes his character; knows you know he's being Bill Powell, but doesn't care much. . . . Frank Morgan started life as a brush salesman but was too timid to make good. Was the best boy soprano in his youth; sang at

canned heat, headache powders, checkbooks, bags of gold dust, all sorts of bells, curling irons, magazines, buttons, and anything else any one named. Lee's a civil engineer from the U. of Mo.; was wiped out of engineering during the crash and became a props.

★ ★ ½ EVER SINCE EVE

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Frank McHugh, Patsy Kelly, Allen Jenkins, Louise Fazenda, Barton MacLane, Marcia Ralston, Carol Hughes, Frederick Clark, Arthur Hoyt, Mary Treen, John T. Murray, Harry Hayden, Pierre Watkin, William Davidson. Screen play by Lawrence Riley, Earl Baldwin, and Lillie Hayward from a story by Margaret Lee and Gene Baker. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 77 minutes.

A **SLENDER** conceit—of a pretty secretary who adopts a horrific make-up in order that she may work without amorous advances from her

bosses. Her first job in her straight-haired black wig, horn-rim glasses, and oversized tweeds is with a handsome young author. Does Marge the frump get her man?

Marion Davies is the disguised typist. This isn't her best role. The whole story limps badly, hits no high spots. Yet Miss Davies could, if she wished, be the screen's best comedienne. She has the intelligence, the sense of humor, and the ability. But she cannot get over the handicaps of a trite, badly told comedy.

The same thing engulfs Robert Montgomery as the lazy, procrastinating writer of novels. The outstanding performance is tossed into the mildly amusing proceedings by Allen Jenkins as a slow-thinking plumber subject to intense comic spasms of bewilderment. And Patsy Kelly helps as the typist's roommate.

VITAL STATISTICS: Louise Fazenda collects curios; has anything from a Budapest synagogue lamp to one of Buffalo Bill's pistols. Saves all fan letters, still has the first one she received; corresponds regularly with her most ardent admirers. Is superstitious. Fazenda's her real name. . . . Patsy Kelly was born Veronica Kelly; was renamed by a Brooklyn cop relative who couldn't pronounce the name. Was hit by a truck on Brooklyn streets; to keep her off the streets, was sent to dancing school after she recovered; got into vodvil therefrom. Likes to ride, but only does when she can find a horse that doesn't want to get on and ride with her. . . . Rob Montgomery knows as much about picture technicalities as of acting; says the more he studies picture making the less important he feels. Drives, washes and polishes his own car, a low-slung English import—won't let any one else handle it. Swears his heart's in his home town, Beacon, New York, where he summers, but has just built a new Bevhills home, everything designed to remind him of Beacon. Planted his own veg garden therein, even spading and hoeing it. . . . Marion Davies insisted on being made up so's her best friends wouldn't recognize her, and the Westmores fixed her so Montgomery failed to first time he saw her. Has a large place on the beach at Santa Monica, which she always keeps altering. Her home at San Simeon is something grand—indeed, a sort of medieval fastness, complete with everything from an eagle house to hidden sliding doors in the walls. She also has a \$40,000 bungalow on the Warner lot used as a dressing room; keeps a four-piece orchestra going between scenes, paid out of her own pocket. A notorious mimic of famous personages, she steadfastly refuses to screen any of her impersonations. . . . Frank McHugh saves the heel lifts which he had to use to raise himself to the stature required in the first part he applied for. Says (comically) he may have to get up in the world again and they'll come in handy. . . . Allen Jenkins has become a chow raiser; fancies himself as a carpenter and to save money built kennels himself. Found afterward it only cost him \$200 more than a professional'd have nicked him. . . . Marcia Ralston's afraid chucking things around in pictures as a bad woman may influence her happy home life with husband Phil Harris. . . . Somewhere in the background lurks John Murray, who made your pop laugh in the old Winter Garden Shows. . . . When call went out for twenty ugly women to play with Louise Fazenda, Central Casting had much difficulty in gathering them. Who in Hollywood wants to admit she's ugly?

★ ★ ½ THE HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY

Recommended for children

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Rooney, Anne Nagel, Frank Shields, Edward Pawley, William Gould, Bradley Metcalf, Doris Rankin, Helena Grant, Harry Hayden, Cecil Weston, Dorothy Vaughn, Maude Philby. Screen play by Robert Lee Johnson from a novel by Edward Eggleston. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 62 minutes.

HERE you have an unembroidered inexpensive independent production with a direct and appealing story. A tough rebellious boy lives alone with his father, a shell-shocked war veteran seeking to forget his nightmares in whisky. His schoolmates do not understand him. The lad is taunted and shunned—and grows em-

bittered with life. Not until a new teacher comes to the school does the community appreciate the silent ragged boy. All this moves before the heated panorama of a Midwest milk strike.

The story gets over largely due to the simple unaffected work of young Mickey Rooney, who might have stepped out of Mark Twain. In brief, Master Rooney's Shockey is as real as his freckles. Anne Nagel, too, is sympathetic as the teacher. The yarn is directed with a pleasant minimum of saccharine overemphasis by William Nigh.

VITAL STATISTICS: Doing a Jock Whitney, Park Avenue's William Rhinelandier Stewart, perfect polished gent, millionaire, and husband of one of the Ryans, helps revivify with an angelic million or so the old Monogram quickie factory, whose firstie this is. . . . Master Mickey Rooney, otherwise Joe Yule, Jr., hung from the set rafters taking candid snaps of baldheads and protruding potbellies on stage below. At sixteen Mickey is a great hand with the girls; likes them older than himself. Is good at all sports. Will attempt to play tough well-meaning screen boys up through his eighties. Has about a half million. Hopes to halfback for Notre Dame. Likes to devil other folk on set. Studies with a tutor year round, knows about forty-five years' worth of life and about fourteen years of book larnin'. Has outlasted and out-earned Jackie Coogan. Shaves; has a valet, with whom he swaps stories and penknives. Has trouped since he wore a miniature dress suit at two. Writes gooeey songs, gets some published; plays hot piano, leads orchestras, hates to embed early, is a snappy dresser, has never had an acting lesson in his life. . . . This is Anne Nagel's screen return following death of her husband, Ross Alexander. She's been in Hollywood since '35. Alexander's death was a dampener to her spirits and enjoyment of the sunlight. Got that nice diction in Shubert musicals—or was it Boston's Notre Dame Academy, where she enbrained? . . . Handsome fashion-plated Frank Xavier Shields of M-G-M was exchanged for Movita Casteneda, Monogram's lombard, and four tennis rackets. Is almost as handsome as Movita. Shields' game has slowed down to a super-Hollywood Country Club pace. He was picked for this part because he looked like a typical American youth. What does that make Don Budge, whom I consider the Hoosier Schoolboy Eternal and can still sling the racket? Shields is well married, dark-eyed, puzzled, something of the prima donna. . . . Edward Pawley, having been a distinguished Theatre Guildier, has become a mean-jawed Hollywood heavy, little-boy arm-twister, lawbreaker. Otherwise off duty he basks in the Hollywood sunshine and looks calm, peaceful, and no more menacing than Vic Moore. Has given up Guilded Art forever; is content to potter in his garden, play his middle-class golf, eat well, and let who will suffer for their intellect. . . . This costs about \$150,000 or I'll eat it.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★★½—They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars.

★★★—The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million.

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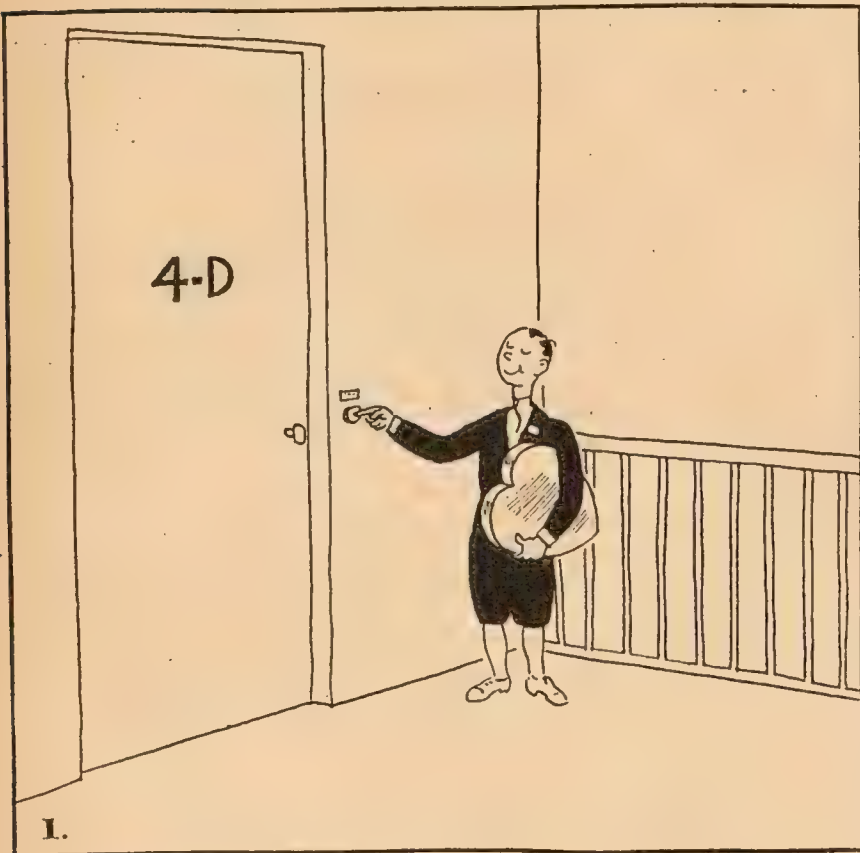


Try the new GLOVER'S Double Action FLEA POWDER on your dog or cat. We guarantee it kills all fleas and lice it comes in contact with—or money back. Safe, sure. Only 35¢. GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP—thoroughly cleans your dog's coat; kills fleas and lice; relieves itching; removes doggy odor. 25¢. At all stores.

GLOVER'S

\$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES ... GAME OF CITIES

IF YOU CAN FIND THE NAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES IN
THESE DRAWINGS YOU CAN SUBMIT A WINNING ENTRY



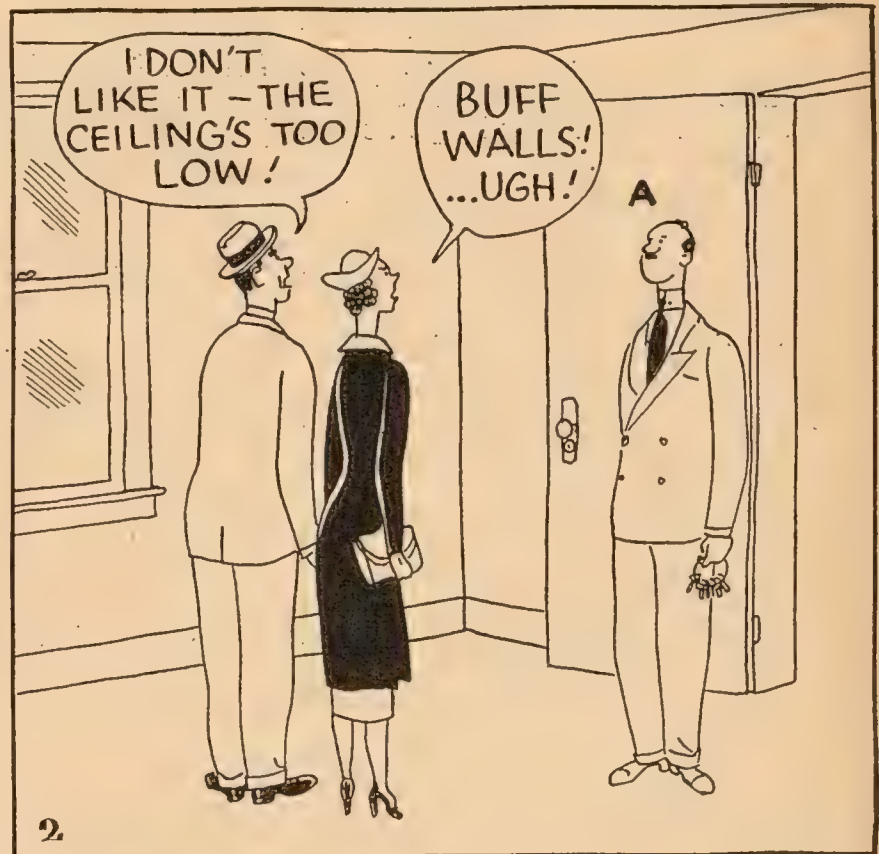
NAME OF CITY.....

WHICH ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$500
SECOND PRIZE.....	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each \$10.....	100
FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$5.....	250

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.



NAME OF CITY.....

THIS week Liberty begins a new contest to challenge your knowledge of American cities, to test your skill at solving a rebus, and to reward your tenacity of purpose.

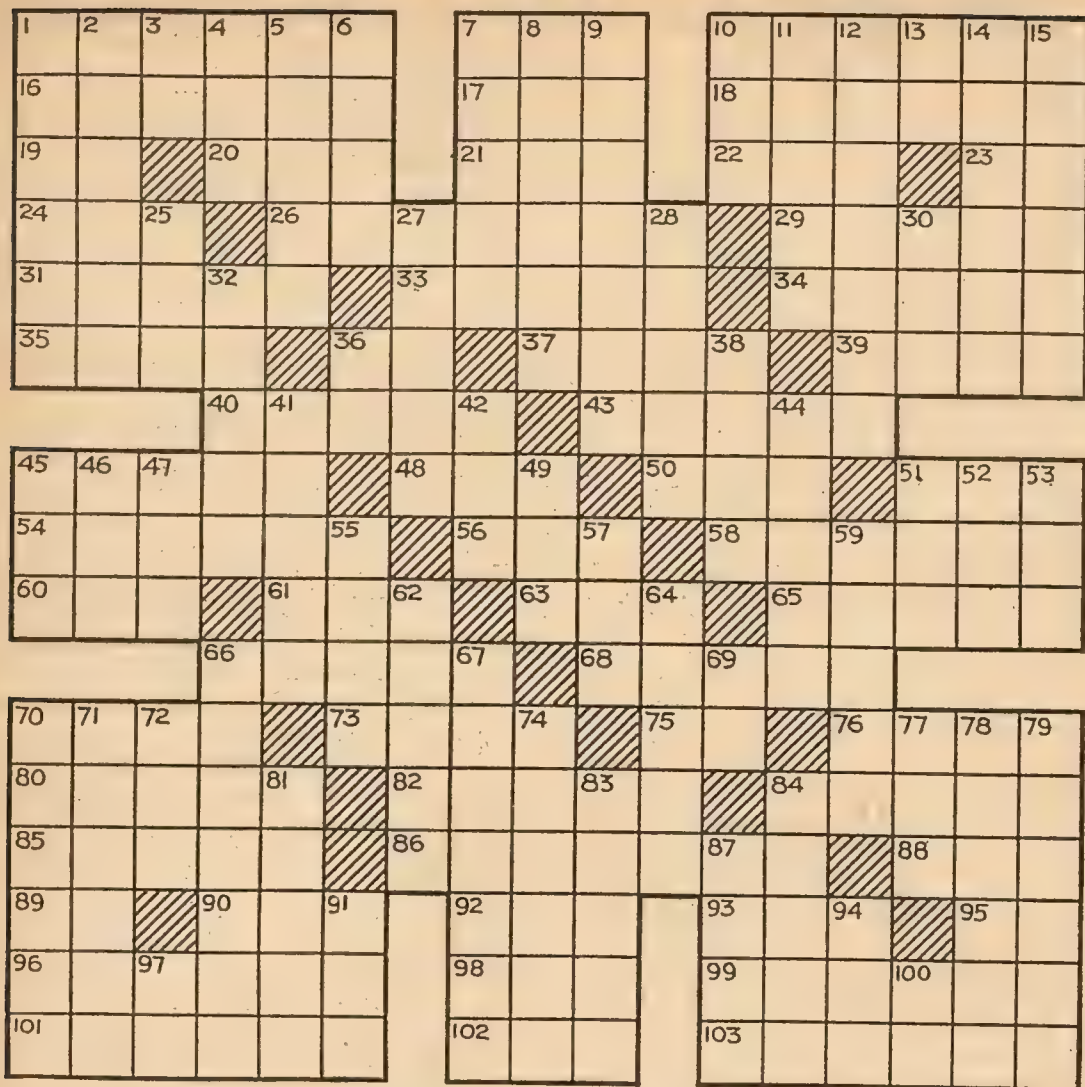
Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two drawings similar to those appearing above, each of which will indicate, or solve into, the name of a prominent American city. There will be twelve drawings in all. Will you be able to pick each name?

Perhaps you will get the solutions of the above drawings at a glance. They have been made fairly simple as a sort of warm-up or limbering exercise to get you in shape for more difficult problems as the contest progresses. Subsequent puzzles will be based on the same general construction, so that in solving this week's pair you will know how to analyze those that complete the game.

When you have solved this week's drawings place them aside, pending completion of your set of twelve at the end of the contest.

**See next week's Liberty for
two new contest drawings**

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pulverizes
- 7 Hordeolum
- 10 To vex
- 16 Have recourse
- 17 Three (Italian)
- 18 A prayer
- 19 By
- 20 Insect
- 21 Greasy liquid
- 22 Offer to pay
- 23 That is (abbr.)
- 24 Excavate
- 26 Helixes
- 29 Woman's name
- 31 Indian tribe (pl.)
- 33 A fruit
- 34 Smooth
- 35 Torn
- 36 Scoriated lava
- 37 To bias
- 39 Concludes
- 40 Droops
- 43 Goads
- 45 Subsequent to
- 48 Corrode
- 50 Artfully cunning
- 51 Beverage
- 54 Sets at defiance
- 56 To stuff
- 58 A Christian festival
- 60 Furthermore
- 61 Row
- 63 A container
- 65 Ancient language
- 66 Yells
- 68 Full of liveliness
- 70 Biblical name
- 73 One hundred thousand rupees (pl.)
- 75 Public notice
- 76 Periods
- 80 Painful spots
- 82 A nut

SURREALIST AIRS
PLAUDITS WALLOP
ASTRAL TRIPE CA
GT AM WHERE SKI
HEEL CAMEL WHEN
ERR MOGUL ROOT
TS HIRES CARESS
T BONES BRIMS H
IGLOOS DROSS RE
OAKS SEINE LEE
ASKS SPACE KEEP
ESE SHARK CHILD
SI HORSE ERA IO
OPPOSE SPEAKING
PSST WATERWINGS

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 84 Off the main way
- 85 Leather strip
- 86 Made a rough nasal sound
- 88 Bend
- 89 Note in Guido's scale
- 90 To smear
- 92 Stray
- 93 Augment
- 95 Note of the scale
- 96 Withdraw
- 98 Portuguese coin
- 99 Netter
- 101 Obliterated
- 102 Measures (abbr.)
- 103 Steps

VERTICAL

- 1 Sorter
- 2 Withdraw
- 3 Exist
- 4 The head (slang)
- 5 Clothe
- 6 Pace
- 7 Shop
- 8 Misfortunes
- 9 Bronzes
- 10 The male ferret
- 11 Solos
- 12 Puzzles
- 13 While
- 14 Dirty
- 15 Proceeds furtively
- 25 A liquor
- 27 Representation
- 28 Breaks suddenly
- 30 Even (poetic)
- 32 An anesthetic
- 36 One indefinitely
- 38 Christmas
- 41 Enthusiasm
- 42 Undermine
- 44 Old coin (pl.)
- 45 Arab's garment
- 46 Bog
- 47 Urchin
- 49 A flap
- 51 An Asiatic coin
- 52 Hawaiian wreath
- 53 Bird of prey
- 55 Glide smoothly
- 57 To tap
- 59 Causes
- 62 Harvests
- 64 Admit as true
- 66 Makes
- 67 Stage equipment
- 69 A fish
- 70 Insure
- 71 Stand unsteadily
- 72 To sin
- 74 Marked with ridges
- 77 A bone
- 78 Worshiped
- 79 Drains
- 81 Gardener's tool
- 83 A molding angle
- 84 A viper
- 87 Compass point
- 91 A color
- 94 Cease to be
- 97 An element (symbol)
- 100 A continent (initials)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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EVERY WRITER NEEDS



Edited by Aron Mathieu, Business Manager of WRITER'S DIGEST

This new revised 1937 edition of the "Writer's Market" contains the name, address and detailed editorial requirements of twenty-five hundred markets for free lance writers. It is classified and indexed for ready use. Recommended by the American Library Association. Several millions of dollars a year are earned by free lance writers and between the covers of this volume are all the requirements of all the editors who do the buying. The information in this book is official. Every market is listed with the full approval of each individual publisher.

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Vox Pop

Stop Crying, Steve!

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Stephen Ash, I want to reply to your letter (June 19 Vox Pop), for I understand exactly how you feel. Twenty years ago I wrote as you did, Steve, only I wrote it to my father. Your letter to Vox Pop "got" me because it could have been I writing those same lines were it twenty years ago.

I had to earn my own education, and perhaps you did too. Nevertheless I came out into the economic world with exactly as much egotism as you have now. And why not? Didn't I have the education? Hadn't I fitted myself alone with this—earned my own? Hadn't I been told that the world wanted men like me—and us; that we were the cream business was looking for? Didn't all this build egotism and a superiority complex—that we could, as you say, unseat those who held jobs merely through the sheer force of this superiority? Of course, Steve, old man, I know how you feel.

In spite of it all, you will have to learn, as I have had to—and thousands of others in the same category—that college education has not finished you. Records show that 85 per cent of us are failures—if you measure by the yardstick of the almighty dollar. You've got what it takes, but you have to learn how to apply it. Business does not throw off tried and true men as you throw a soiled shirt into the hamper—just because *you* come along with a diploma. You still have that grade to make—and I mean, *make the grade*.

If you think it's tough now, as I

thought it was in my time—just wait.

Yes, Steve—I too "came out" feeling that I could unseat old man Atlas and tell him that I'd carry on from now on. I told my father that. He said many things to me that were "old foggy" philosophy then—words of wisdom not appreciated—wisdom based on what we have, plus. It has taken this depression to impress on my mind exactly what my father meant.

It's man against man in this world, and don't think it isn't. You've got what is required, in part—but remember, only in part for the moment. Quit crying and hew to the line.

I have had to learn that—and still have plenty to learn. If you can't find a job—prospect. My father had to do that, as well as plenty of others. They had guts, those men. How would you like to have built a business of your own—good money—\$50,000 a year and better—country home, fine cars, servants, South in winter, Europe, etc., and have depressions take it away from you—not once in your lifetime but twice—and still, at the age of sixty-seven, have the guts to start a comeback? That was my father, and perhaps yours, and many others. They had our preadvantages also.

If you think that Communism is the answer, as you threaten, then you are the type whose education is definitely your weakness—who is a yes man, satisfied to have others map your course for you all your life. Communism is perhaps a beautiful philosophy, but if so, that is all it is—philosophy. It does not build men.—*Your Pal*.

14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS ABOUT MOTHERS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I ask you, who cares about Robert Taylor, or Janet Gaynor's jinx, or whether Charles Ruggles turns off the moon?

I've been buying Liberty ever since there was a Liberty and I wouldn't feel like my nickel was wasted if I could read about somebody who isn't a movie star. Are the stars in Hollywood the only people who count?

Why not have Frederick L. Collins write a little article (reading time 14 minutes 35 seconds) about mothers who work every day to support a nice family of children?

Or don't we count?—*A Mother*.

LIFESAVER ON DROWNING

TACOMA, WASH.—In the June 12 Liberty, accompanying the article Why Drown? is an illustration that is a crime. If the rescuer is using the head

carry, or thinks he is, he surely needs some lessons in lifesaving. Being a Red Cross senior lifesaver, I know what I am saying.

The fellow's thumbs should be above the victim's eyebrows, two of his fingers below her jaw, and the other two of each hand alongside her jaw. Also his elbows should be straight, holding her out from him.

If some one were to try your carry in a real rescue, there would be two drownings instead of one.

These articles on what happens when you drown do no good because the people find out only when they drown, and then they don't want to know.

If these articles were sensible, they would instruct the not-so-good swimmers to learn how to "really swim" from a competent instructor, not just your cousin's brother-in-law who probably couldn't swim in out of the rain. Those who *can* swim, and I mean *swim*, should be instructed to take Red Cross lifesaving courses, offered nearly everywhere.—*Lawrence Berg*.

SPANKED WIVES CLUBS INCREASE

SIoux CITY, IA.—I am going to answer R. R.'s letter in June 26 Vox Pop. I am Reta Rae—president of the W. O. S. H. Club, which means Wives of Spanking Husbands.

You put our letter telling all about our club in the December 12 Vox Pop. We received hundreds of letters from all over the United States and some from France, England, and Canada. They all mentioned that they were readers of Liberty and how they enjoyed Vox Pop.

No, we have not gone on a sit-down strike. We now have twenty-nine members and could get more if we wanted them. We have clubrooms and also a summer camp. Many such clubs have been formed since Vox Pop printed our letter.

Until they read Vox Pop, lots of husbands didn't know spanking was being done. They thought it old-fashioned, but from the hundreds of letters we received we know it has come back in style with a bang.

One thing we are sure of is that spankings have saved and can save many couples from the divorce courts.—*Reta Rae*.

OUR GANG WANTS TAXI PILOT

KINGSTON, PA.—We purchase your magazine every week and we enjoy it very much, but our gang would like to know when you are going to give us more of Free Air from a Taxi Pilot. We gathered around the drugstore and I read it aloud to the gang and we certainly did get a kick from it.—*Charles E. Milne*.

[Plenty more of the Taxi Pilot is coming along. Watch out. Good laughs ahead.—Vox Pop Editor.]

HOUDINI AND MUSCLE CONTROL

DULUTH, MINN.—A recent issue of Liberty stated that the late Houdini achieved his "escapes" by muscle control. That is inadequate, as Houdini, as well as any other magician, relied on clever trickery and misdirection to produce his seeming miracles. His secrets, for the most part, are known to the informed members of the fraternity. He



was a great showman, above all. I work out of any handcuffs without muscle control.—*Charles Rubens (magician)*.

[The Editor of Liberty, who has been a member of the Society of American Magicians for many years, and who was a good friend of Houdini for almost a quarter of a century, agrees with the above. But no magician can get very far without muscle control as the foundation of his art.]

"BETTER CLEAN YOUR OWN DOORSTEP, MARY"

TUCUMCARI, N. M.—These dames have just about gone far enough with their yelling that men aren't what they used to be.

First they howled that they no longer wanted to be the "weaker sex." Then, when men start to treat them as equals, they howl to be pushed around like grandma was.

Miss Wittney (June 26 Liberty) tries to imagine landing on Plymouth Rock with one of us. That's easier to imagine than picturing one of her gum-chewing, cigarette-smoking sisters trying to cook the family dinner or mend a pair of pants.



Better clean your own doorstep, Mary, before you yell about us. It's a cinch we don't think any more of you than you do of us.—*M. Lewis Fox.*

"THE EMPLOYERS WILL DISAPPEAR"

HARRISBURG, PA.—The editorial "The Employers Will Disappear," Says Harry Bridges (June 26 Liberty) was interesting but far from conclusive. There is usually a happy medium between two extremes. Some day Mr. Macfadden may have an editorial on the Consumers' Co-operatives movement. By this method, wouldn't the consumers and employees be their own employers and still reap the profits?

No doubt he has read about the rapid strides this movement has made in Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain, and even in this country in the last fifteen years. That, of course, would not be Capitalism as we now have it, nor Communism on the Russian plan, but Capitalism collectively owned and controlled by communities. This would change economic and social conditions by economic evolution rather than by political platforms or revolution.—*Anton Benson.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I suggest that you take page 4 of June 26 Liberty and have it enlarged, leaving space between the name Liberty at top of page and the title "The Employers Will Disappear," in which to insert a drawing consisting of the heads of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln between two American flags, with a good old American bald-headed eagle behind.

The whole enlargement to be printed and distributed to each

and every office, factory, store, and business place in the U. S. A. which employs one man or woman, or more.

Print it in as many languages as necessary.—*Factory Worker.*

LET THEM EAT CAKE—AND HAVE IT, TOO?

CHICAGO, ILL.—If the candid lady who wrote Eating My Cake (June 12 Liberty) ever finds a solution to her philandering-husband problem, will you please publish it? Maybe then I'll make up my mind to get married.—*Lera Root.*

FOOTNOTES FILL HIM WITH GLEE

CHARLESTON, W. VA. — Would-be critics of various stories and articles printed in Liberty who express themselves from time to time give me a royal pain.

My opinion of such narrow people is that they are unable to bring themselves before the public eye by means other than calling technicalities on the part of authors already established with readers. Even so, such minor criticisms are usually found by your department to be incorrect, and it fills me with glee to read your sarcastically appropriate footnotes to same.

Therefore I sincerely offer my appreciation for such remarks, and may your just sarcasm have bigger and better bites!—*George C. Grogan.*

[Thanks for the good word, Mr. Grogan, but we often feel our critics are half right—including yourself!—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

"HARDTACK"

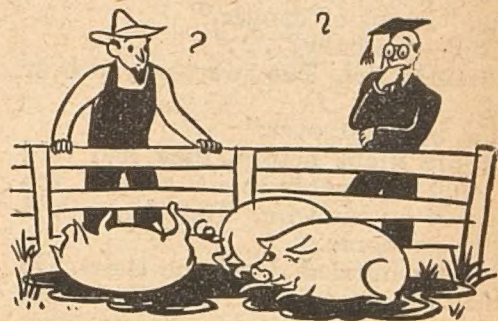
By REAMER KELLER



"The sun musta went behind a cloud."

IS THE HOG HOT OR COLD?

BOYCE, LA.—In reference to Question 19 in June 19 Liberty, "Why do hogs wallow in mud?" The answer was, according to Professor Victor A. Rice of Massachusetts State College, "To warm themselves." He's probably right if he's talking about during cold weather. But I can't see why a hog would need to



warm itself on a hot day, or even on an ordinary day. A hog has no sweat glands (except a small one in its nose), and therefore it has no trouble in keeping warm, except perhaps in cold weather. In fact, I have known many cases where hogs have died of heat in ordinary summer weather. Why in the world would a hog need to warm itself in hot weather when it has no sweat glands and is more liable to die of heat than to get cold? Then will Professor Rice please explain why hogs wallow in mud on hot days even more than they do in cold weather?

I believe hogs wallow in mud on hot days to cool themselves. Of course I may be wrong, but it won't be the first time.—*A Hog Raiser.*

TO CHEW ON IN MIDSUMMER

UXBRIDGE, MASS.—Some time ago I recall seeing in your columns some difficult mathematical problems, and as the following is one which, so far as I know, has not yet been solved, why not let your readers chew on it?

It is not one which requires a knowledge of higher mathematics. It is within the range of any one's mental ability who has the time and patience to put into its solution.

Here is the problem, and it can be solved:

What are the prime factors of 1,111,111,111,111? — *C. L. Judkins.*

LIBERTY PLEASES CCC CAMP

OXFORD, MISS.—As a representative of the reading staff of this CCC camp I wish to state the importance of all Macfadden productions here.

Out of forty-eight magazines, Liberty is, in the opinion of the critics, the most important and the best weekly that this camp receives.

Two copies are received every Wednesday morning, and there are always more than one third of us ready to get them first.—*One of the Staff.*

Two-Minute Stories

☆ FOG

THE telephone rang sharply. He lifted the receiver. He had been waiting for the call. "Your wife," came the voice of the nurse, "is out of danger." "And—the baby? . . ."

"A little girl. The sweetest you ever saw."

"I'll be right over."

On the night before, they had told him that his nervousness reacted unfavorably on his wife. They had asked him to go home.

Now he hurried down the stairs. He reached the street; and he noticed—had not noticed before, in his anxiety—that a thick pea-soup fog had dropped over London like a huge blanket.

Well—thank the Lord!—the hospital was only a few blocks away. But even in those few blocks he missed his direction; was, presently, completely lost. The fog was over everything, wiping out the streets, the houses, the people.

He was terribly worried. His wife—he must see his wife—his little baby!

He called into the shimmering, grayish void:

"I must get to St. Jude's Hospital! Oh, won't somebody . . ."

Then a hand reached out of the coiling grayness. He heard a voice: "Come along!"

The hand pushed him—left, right, left. Again the voice: "Here you are!"

He saw the ghostly bulk of the hospital; then, as the door opened, lights beyond. He thanked the Good Samaritan—and as he crossed the threshold a thought came to him, and, speaking into the void, he demanded: "But how—how did you find your way?"

"Easily," was the answer. "You see, I'm blind . . ."—Achmed Abdullah.

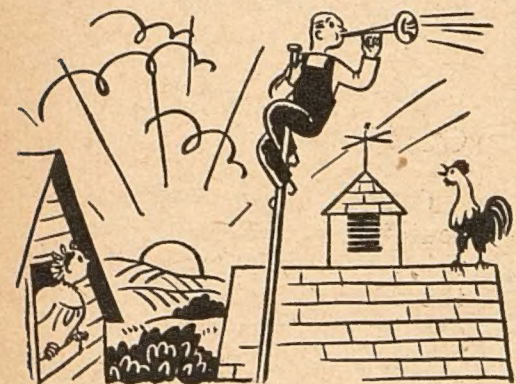
THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

BAXTER, TENN.—Charles Hughes celebrated his thirteenth anniversary as a "human alarm clock" by blowing



reveille louder and longer than usual from a twenty-foot pole in his back yard at 6 A. M.

"I'm still young at forty-seven," Hughes said. "Bugle blowing has been good for my lungs."

Hughes awakens this town of 600 persons each day. The idea, he says, is to do "a good turn for my neighbors."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER: COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

by Upton Sinclair

Few Americans often agree with Upton Sinclair, but none has ever successfully questioned his high-mindedness and sincerity or denied that they entitle him to a hearing.

Three years ago he called upon President Roosevelt at Hyde Park and criticized New Deal measures intended to relieve unemployment and bring back prosperity. Warning of bankruptcy and disaster, he suggested an alternative. He now reminds the President of both his suggestion and his warning, repeating them publicly, through Liberty next week, that the whole nation may consider them.

Whether or not you find them convincing, you will find this famous author's ideas, as always, electrically thought-provoking and stimulating.

THE SEX ANGLE

A mysterious death—a haunting perfume—and a cop with a beautiful wife!

That's the set-up for this four-star story.

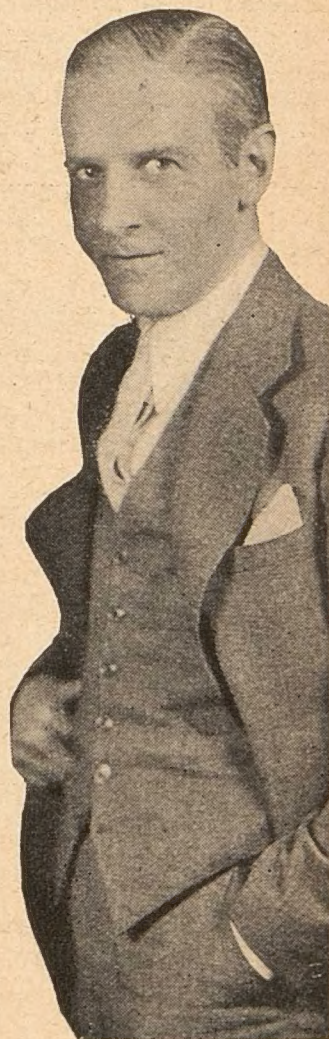
But there's more to it than just a crime and its solution. Don't fail to read this gripping, vivid tale of murder and passion—with its surprising spectacular ending. Meet the policeman who had women on the brain. In Liberty next Wednesday!

THE WINCHELL-BERNIE FEUD GOES ON

Why do the old maestro and Broadway's ace keyhole columnist fling barbed wisecracks at each other across the air waves?

What started the famous Bernie-Winchell feud—and why? Next week's Liberty will flash you the low-down on this nimble-witted battle of the microphones. It's hot news—yowsah! Don't miss it!

Other articles and stories by Peter Paul O'Mara, A Headquarters Old-Timer, Floyd Gibbons, Frederick L. Collins, and others.



Walter Winchell

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE AUG. 4

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"One year ago Mrs. Butler and our daughter La Vange entered the Physical Culture Hotel for a health training course of five weeks.

"Mrs. Butler at that time was suffering from a general run-down condition, and our daughter, from a long standing bronchial trouble which had given us considerable worry, as well as untold discomfort for herself.

"After five weeks they returned home completely improved and with a knowledge of correct living that has reflected itself in perfect health for them both during the past twelve months.

"To state we are pleased with the benefits of their visit is entirely inadequate, as they derived knowledge and improved health that has been of untold value to all of us. They both look forward with keen interest to a return visit in the near future to renew the pleasant acquaintances they made at the Physical Culture Hotel, as well as to receive the benefits we know will be there."—K. L. Butler.

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